

❖ Psychedelic Review ❖

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Contents

EDITORIAL

THE PSYCHEDELIC MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE IN THE HUMAN ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH

Walter N. Pahnke

3

THE RADICALIZATION OF TIMOTHY LEARY

Introduction

Robert Mogar

21

The Third Bardo

Timothy Leary

23

The Second Bardo

Joseph Rhine and Gerald Pearlman

28

The First Bardo

Baba Ram Dass and Gerald Pearlman

36

THE SOCIOLOGY OF THE NOW

Ira Einhorn

48

HALLUCINATIONS AS THE WORLD OF SPIRITS

Wilson Van Dusen

59

CANNABIS AS A TREATMENT FOR ALCOHOLISM

Tod H. Mikuriya

71

BOOK REVIEWS

75

BOOKS RECEIVED

81

NEWS AND NOTES

82

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

84

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emotional, so that sometimes, as I say, little things would stand in the way of getting major things done.

Gerry: What do you feel he's going to do now, what do you think the immediate future will be in Algeria—will he stay there, what type of activity will he be participating in?

Rhine: I wouldn't even presume to guess whether he'll stay there. I think he'll try to do some traveling because he's a very inquisitive man among other things and he wants to write. I do know that. He will write, I'm sure. So that I would guess he'll say pretty much what his own ideas are in some form or another. But I wouldn't presume to say whether he'll find a home; I think it depends on how he finds the people that are going to be around him. It's just too early to tell what he's going to try to do. He doesn't have a great deal of latitude, obviously. We said the last time we talked he has to stay in countries which are not going to be pressured into sending him back to the United States, at least until the climate in United States changed. Although Tim again . . . as I say, I think in the back of his mind he may feel that five or ten years from now maybe he'll be able to come home and I'm sure Eldridge feels that five or ten years from now . . .

Gerry: Right. There's always that hope and possibility but up to that point I guess he will be confined to the socialist block. Generally the ideologies of socialist countries have not exactly in mind what he's been talking and teaching about for the past several years. Now it will be interesting to see how both elements make it with one another. I suppose he could go to some neutral place like Switzerland . . .

Rhine: I think he'll try to visit some. But to set up a residence and to feel secure in his own residence I think he'll have to stay with the socialist or communist bloc countries because it is only there that he can feel that there's enough strength to withstand whatever American pressure there is in terms of aid or anything else. Unless he can get a final commitment from some government like Switzerland. When I say he's not a socialist or anything like that right now I think that's true for his present state but I'd be careful to look at the problem two years from now because if he finds real warm response and understanding—whether or not they agree officially with his position on drugs—if they will let him lead his own kind of life. . . . You know, one of the things that really got

to Tim and Rosemary both over the years is what I said before about their family thing where they're always getting harassed, the FBI always visiting, the phones always tapped—this sort of thing. After a while, there were times where they would have said, "if they would just leave us alone to let us do our thing, whatever we want to do to ourselves and among ourselves." There were times when it wouldn't have been so important to Tim to proselytize to anyone. I think in a sense that if the government and the official groups of those countries will just leave him alone so that he can write, maybe he'll do whatever proselytizing he wants to do just in his writing. Or something like that. I don't think he feels he needs to have a government or society embrace him and all his ideas or make them the official ideas of any society or government.

Gerry: In other words it becomes like a self-fulfilling prophecy, that the government makes him into the destructive force that they claim he is.

Rhine: That's correct. And I think that if a socialist government leaves him alone somewhere and lets him do the things that he feels that he has to do in his life, and they are not violent anti-social things, then I think that he could end up becoming an advocate of socialism as he sees it in that situation because they were responsive to those kinds of needs within him.

Gerry: That's why I expect it will be fascinating to see what develops because socialist countries usually don't leave individuals alone.

Rhine: That hasn't been their history so far.

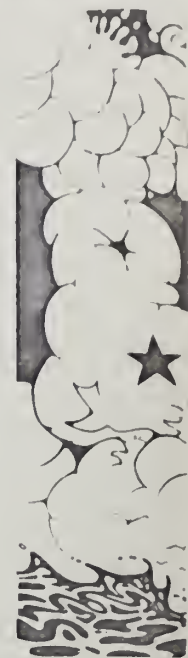
Gerry: The pressures toward conformity are much greater there than anywhere as far as we can . . .

Rhine: Especially underdeveloped countries.

Gerry: You know, if he could be a force for somehow loosening up these countries, I think that would be also an interesting development.

Rhine: Algeria's probably a little different than the traditional communist block countries. I'm not familiar enough with Algeria to know but certainly I'd say that they don't traditionally fall into the hard line communist position.

Gerry: No, no. I think that their development is unique in itself and . . . but he will be traveling in other areas and it will be interesting to see what kinds of impressions and reactions he gets from them. Thank you very much.



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Gerry: Can
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THE RADICALIZATION OF TIMOTHY LEARY

Timothy Leary's dead
No, no, he's outside
Looking in

—*Moody Blues*, 1965

In 1960, while still at Harvard, Timothy Leary administered psilocybin to prisoners at Massachusetts Correctional Institution, Concord. Ten years later, many of the former inmates participating in Leary's rehabilitative program have remained out of prison. It is most ironic that Leary's advocacy and use of psychedelics resulted in his own arrest and imprisonment while helping others to stay out of prison—a surrealistic tragi-comedy exchange program.

It says in the *Upanishads* that what is within is also without and what is without is also within. To see a difference between what is within and what is without dooms one to eternal darkness. Encapsulated Selves, imprisoned bodies. Is there any difference? We create our own private walls and live in prisons devised by centuries of human ingenuity. Security, defense, protection triggered by instincts archaic but not quite obsolete. We are both within and without the Great Wall. Alone together—a patient spirit still burdened with presumptuous egos and clumsy bodies. My body, not yet love's body.

Like almost all men in all times, Leary chose to free the ego-body from external oppression rather than nurture in isolation the free spirit within. Is this a real dilemma? Is one prerequisite to the other? The answer is yes for those who are not yet fully conscious, namely, all of us or almost all of us. The exceptions are the saints and ascetics. Timothy Leary is neither a St. Paul nor a Charles Manson. Perhaps we should be grateful. Manson was told once in prison, "You ain't never going to get out of here." Manson replied, "Out of where, man?"

I got so I actually loved solitary. That was supposed to be punishment. I loved it. I began to hear music inside my head. I had concerts inside my cell. When the time came for my release, I didn't want to go.

Charles Manson
Rolling Stone
June 25, 1970

Neither saint nor ascetic, Leary is a "high priest," the Fool in the Tarot deck, with his head in the clouds and his feet on the ground, believer in the cosmic giggle. Timothy Leary is still one of us. Many of his lovers and critics reacted to his escape with a sense of relief or triumph. *He's still one of us*. To others, his recent actions were disappointing, regretable. Why doesn't he suffer for our sins, and, and, STOP GRINNING!

Like the Bardos of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, the sections which follow are presented in chronological order as they appeared or were obtained. This order is the reverse of the Bardos for reasons which should become apparent. Part I (*Sidpa* or Third Bardo) consists of two sections, both written by Leary himself. The first section (The Eagle Brief) is Leary's final appeal to the Supreme Court composed in free verse and released shortly before his escape from the San Luis Obispo Detention Center. The second section (Farewell Address) is an open letter released shortly after his escape and published in various newspapers.

Part II (*Chonyid* or Second Bardo) consists of a transcribed interview with Joseph Rhine, one of Leary's senior attorneys, conducted by Gerald Pearlman of the *Psychodelic Review*. Mr. Rhine conferred with Leary the day prior to his escape. The interview was obtained two weeks after the prison escape and deals mostly with Leary's personal and socio-political motives as well as his legal status.

Part III (*Chikhai* or Third Bardo) is the verbatim transcribed response of Baba Ram Dass (Richard Alpert) to questions concerning Leary's recent actions in the light of his previous professed commitments. In contrast to Mr. Rhine, Ram Dass views Leary's current ventures more from the perspective of a spiritually-evolving being. The main portion of the interview focuses on Ram Dass himself—his present involvements and views. This portion of the interview will appear in the next issue of *Psychodelic Review*.

Robert Mogar

The first period (*Chikhat Bardo*) is that of complete transcendence—beyond words, beyond space-time, beyond self. There are no visions, no sense of self, no thoughts. There are only pure awareness and ecstatic freedom from all game (and biological) involvements. The second lengthy period involves self, or external game reality (*Chonrid Bardo*) in sharp, exquisite clarity or in the form of hallucinations (karmic apparitions). The final period (*Sidpa Bardo*) involves

the return to routine game reality and the self. For most persons the second (aesthetic or hallucinatory) stage is the longest. For the initiated the first stage of illumination lasts longer. For the unprepared, the heavy game players, those who anxiously cling to their egos, the struggle to regain reality begins early and usually lasts to the end of their session.

The Psychedelic Experience
Leary, Metzner, & Alpert



THIRD BARDO: THE PERIOD OF RE-ENTRY

1.

*From the memorandum of the Appellant
Timothy Leary to the Supreme Court of the
United States:*

Rosemary and I are American Eagles.
Totem animals of this land.

Wild. Free. High. Proud. Laughing.
Our children, Susan and John, are
eaglets.

Fierce, stubborn wild birds.
We are in prison because we are American
Eagles.

We are not free because we have become
symbols of freedom.

They have gone and passed laws against
eagles.

They have hunted us to the ground.

Rashly, wickedly, and in violation of our
national law.

Because we flew high above the cities and
the valleys.

And the mountain peaks.

Because we laughed and cried

FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEDOM!

Because the beat of our wings sang

FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEDOM!

America cannot pass laws against eagles.

Because the Eagle is America.

Life, liberty, and the soaring flight of joy.

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AM INCLINED TO THE VIEW THAT
HE WOULD POSE A DANGER TO
THE COMMUNITY IF RELEASED.*
YOU FORGOT, FOOLS, THAT TIMES
CHANGE. THE EAGLE IS NO
LONGER OUR TRIBAL SYMBOL.
THE TURKEY IS THE NATIONAL
BIRD. LOOK AROUND YOU, FOOLS,
THERE ARE NO EAGLES LEFT IN
THE SKY. THE WILD BIRDS HAVE
VANISHED.

But all our friends are eagles, hawks,
thrushes, larks. We know none but wild
birds.

ALL THE EAGLES HAVE BEEN
SLAIN, WOUNDED, CAGED, OR ARE
IN HIDING. THE SONG BIRDS WISE-
LY ARE CONCEALED. MAN, BE
COOL. DON'T FLY WHERE THEY
CAN SEE YOU. DON'T SCREAM
FREEDOM. THEY HAVE SWORN TO
KILL YOU.

Oh we cannot change.

It is the nature of the eagle to float high,
soar serenely, swoop
over the valley at sunset, living symbol of
freedom.

If we eagles do not fly high and be free,
who will?

This is the danger, Oh judges. That the
wild birds will be forgotten.

They will forget that the eagle is our totem.
They will forget. They will forget.

It has happened before.

We are caged now because we were so
free. Remember, America, we were
your free-est souls.

Your wisest, funniest, beautiful laughing
souls.

We never brought you down.

Have you forgotten how we flew over your
green city parks and your
college lawn? Celebrating love and peace
and freedom?

Do you remember the excitement?

And how the young thronged eagerly and
the curious and even the domesticated
to spread wings and fly with us and re-
joice in the freedom?

Do you remember how you thrilled to
sound of our wings and cheered and
laughed to be in the presence of high
wild birds and thus regained your wings?

That was before they drove us away
with guns.

Before the time of guns.

THAT WAS THE PROBLEM. THE
YOUNG. YOU SHOULD HAVE
STAYED HIDDEN ON YOUR MOUN-
TAIN TOPS. YOU CREATED ANAR-
CHY IN THE HEN COOPS AND
CONFUSION IN THE TURKEY
RUNS. JUDGE McMILLAN WAS
RIGHT. YOU ARE IRRESPONSIBLE,
PLEASURE SEEKERS. ALL THE
YOUNG BIRDS STARTED TO FLY.
IT WAS DISASTER. THEY SMASHED
THEIR WINGS AGAINST THE BARS.
YOUNG CHICKENS BEAT THEIR
WINGS FUTILELY AND WEPT. A
FEW, A VERY FEW, FELL FROM
ROOF TOPS. MANY FLEW SO FAR
THEY NEVER RETURNED TO THE
HEN COOPS. MILLIONS WERE LOST
TO SOCIETY. THOUSANDS WERE
BRUISED AND CONFUSED. THE OR-
DERLY PROCESS OF DOMESTI-
CATION WAS DISRUPTED. THE
YOUNG COULD NO LONGER BE
TRAINED TO FLAP AND WADDLE
ALONG THE ZOO WAYS. IT IS
CRIMINAL IRRESPONSIBILITY TO
TELL YOUNG BIRDS TO BECOME
EAGLES. YOUR SCHOLARLY
FRIENDS GRANTED THAT IT WAS
ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO BE
EAGLES. BUT NOT TO FLY FREE-
DOM IN PUBLIC. WE ARE NOT
REALLY AGAINST EAGLES. YOU
ARE RARE BIRDS AND WE WISH
YOU TO SURVIVE.

Oh no, beloved. We never told the young
to be eagles. We said, be free. Discover
your wild, deep nature and be true to it.
Do your own thing.

BUT YOU MADE FUN OF DOMES-
TICATED BIRDS. THE CHICKENS
WERE ASHAMED AND THE ANGRY
TURKEYS HAVE NO SENSE OF
HUMOR.

Yes, we joked at the spectacle of wild
creatures pretending to be domesticated.
We laughed, telling them it is the nature
of the wild bird to laugh and fly free.

AND THAT WAS YOUR MISTAKE.
WE WARNED YOU. EVERYONE
WARNED YOU. THE DAYS OF FREE
FLIGHT ARE OVER. ILLEGAL WILD
BIRDS ARE VANISHING. POULTRY,
POULTRY. POULTRY. THE LARKS
HAVE DISAPPEARED AND THE
SWALLOWS. BILLIONS OF CHICK-

ground.
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the cities and

and
OM!
gs sang
OM!
ainst eagles,
flight of joy.

HE LENGTH
AND AND I

BIRDS ARE INCUBATED, FATTENED,
PACKAGED PALE YELLOW IN
SARAN WRAP OR CROWDED IN
METAL CAGES WHERE EGGS ROLL
DOWN METAL RUNWAYS. DO YOU
KNOW THAT THE FOURTEEN HUN-
DRED MEN IN YOUR PRISON DE-
VOUR 30,000 CHICKENS A YEAR.
BIRDS ARE BUSINESS.

We are caged because we are free.
We are caged because we are All American
Eagles.
Symbols of what may vanish.
Free flight high proud.

WHAT A WASTE! WITH YOUR EN-
ERGY AND POWER YOU COULD
HAVE BECOME TOP TURKEY. DONE
SO MUCH FOR SOCIETY. YOU
SHOULD HAVE FLOWN AWAY
FROM THIS POULTRY LAND
WHERE EAGLES ARE HUNTED.
FLOWN TO LANDS WHERE WILD
CREATURES LIVE FREE.

How could we fly away? We are American
eagles. Soul spirits of this broad land
If we flew away to nest on distant peaks,
Who would remind you, beloved?
You would forget that this is the land of
the eagle.
This is our land. The proud, free, brave,
laughing land.
Oh you forget.

We are caged. Rosemary. Susan. Jack,
Timothy.
Because we were free.
Rosemary sighs waiting for flight.
Susan weeps that she is surrounded by
metal.
Proud Jack kept repeating over and over,
Why don't they just leave us alone? He
was arrested fourteen times for the proud
look he could not hide.
Wild creatures cannot live caged.
Eagles must fly high and cry
FREEEEEEEEEEEDOM
To the winds at sunrise.
Be patient. Soon you will be freed.
It is sad and painful to be caged.
You cannot imagine the captive pain of
eagle.
We cannot fly now. We smash our wings
against the bars.
Caged, we cannot cry FREEEEEEEDOM
for it maddens the poultry.
We sit in captivity recalling the wondrous

history of our species
The wild times at Stonehenge, Elensis,
along the Ganges, moving west across the
prairies with the buffalo, exulting in free
space and time when swan clouds dar-
kened the blue sky and songs of wild
ones filled the air.
We will not forget who we are.
American eagles.

We must keep in flight condition
Exercising grounded.
Stretch tensing our wings
Hearing the wild cry, mute, straining in our
throats.

It is so easy to forget
Captives becomes domesticated
We salivate at feeding time, hearing the
clank of metal spoon on metal tray
But when the cage doors open and we fly
away
Then the clink of metal will be reflex sign
of danger
No, we will not forget who we are.
Our wild souls still beat
Our muscles strain in the bonds
When tides of ancient energy surge within
We tremble
We sit trembling in our cages
We sweat, trembling
It is hard for proud wild to be captive
We will not forget who we are
We pray that you, beloved, do not forget
who you are.

EVEN YOUR PEACOCK FRIENDS
WHO LOVE YOU SAY THAT YOU
ARE FOOLISH

Oh beloved, we never told you it was easy
to be a wild bird in poultry time.
We warned of the dangers.
Great God, look up.
You don't need a government commission
to tell you that it is dangerous to fly too
high or too early before you have tested
your wings.
You know that in your bones.
Everyone knows where it is at
We warned you that the heights were
dizzying.
We never told you it was secure and safe
to be a wild one.
We told you, beloved, that you could fly so
far you'd lose your way back to the hen
coop.
That there were no warm, air-conditioned
bird cotes for the wild ones

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There is the
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Brothers an
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That you would have to build your own
 nests, high and far away.
 Our slim tips on the mountain side showed
 you how.
 Didn't you see the pictures of us laughing
 for you in front of our tipis?
 Eagles cannot live in captivity
 Soon we will die if we are not freed.
 Do you want us dead?
 Do you not know that America cannot live
 without eagles?
 If we die, you, beloved, will waste away
 and die too.

Wild creatures of God cannot live in cages.
 Open the gates of metal
 Freedom. Freedom. Freedom.
 Fly high. Freedom.
 Let us fly as is our nature. Freedom.
 Fly laughing in the image of God.
 Freedom.
 The time has come.
 We cannot wait.
 Freedom.

2.

You must leave now
 Take what you need
 You think will last
 But whatever you wish to keep
 You better grab it fast.

—Bob Dylan

(He's) leaving home after living alone
 For so many years. Bye Bye.
 Silently closing (his) bedroom door
 Leaving the note (he) hoped would
 Say more
 Quietly turning the backdoor key
 Stepping outside (he) is free. . . .

The Beatles

*(The following statement was written in the POW camp
 and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun
 trucks). I offer loving gratitude to my Sisters and
 Brothers in the Weatherman Underground who designed
 and executed my liberation. Rosemary and I are now
 with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high
 and wage the revolutionary war.)*

There is the time for peace and the time for war.
 There is the day of laughing Krishna and the
 day of Grim Shiva.
 Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no
 more talk of peace.
 The conflict which we have sought to avoid is

upon us. A world-wide ecological religious
 warfare. Life vs. death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out
 to look for conventional economic-political
 solutions.

Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival.
 Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it
 Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged
 by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is
 to destroy the complex web of free wild life by
 the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There is no choice left but to defend life
 by all and every means possible against the
 genocidal machine.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic war.
 There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald,
 My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you
 belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic stratagem of
 genocide to camouflage their wars as law and
 order police actions.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and
 the black slaves and the marijuana programs
 and the pious TWA indignation over airline
 hijackings!

If you fail to see that we are the victims—de-
 fendants of genocidal war, you will not under-
 stand the rage of the blacks, the fierceness of
 the browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestin-
 ians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen,
 and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen, Americans. Your government is an in-
 strument of total lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine.

You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid
 robot whose every Federal Bureaucratic im-
 pulse is soulless, heartless, lifeless, loveless.

In his life struggle we use the ancient holy strate-
 gies of organic life:

- 1) Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground
 sisterhoods and brotherhoods.
- 2) Resist passively, break lock-step . . . drop out.
- 3) Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer
 . . . hijack planes . . . trash every lethal ma-
 chine in the land.
- 4) Resist publically, announce life . . . denounce
 death.
- 5) Resist privately, guerilla invisibility.
- 6) Resist beautifully, create organic art, music.
- 7) Resist biologically, be healthy, erotic
 conspire with seed . . . breed

8) Resist spiritually, stay high — praise God . . . love life . . . blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid . . . dose them . . . dose them.

9) Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force . . . Arm yourself and shoot to live . . . Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.

Listen Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gunbarrels were risky. We too remember Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your soul.

For the last seven months, I, a free, wild man, have been locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to

freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien . . .

Listen comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist, endure, do not collaborate. Strike. You will be free.

Listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war.

Right on Leila Khaled!

Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.

(Signed) Timothy Leary

WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.

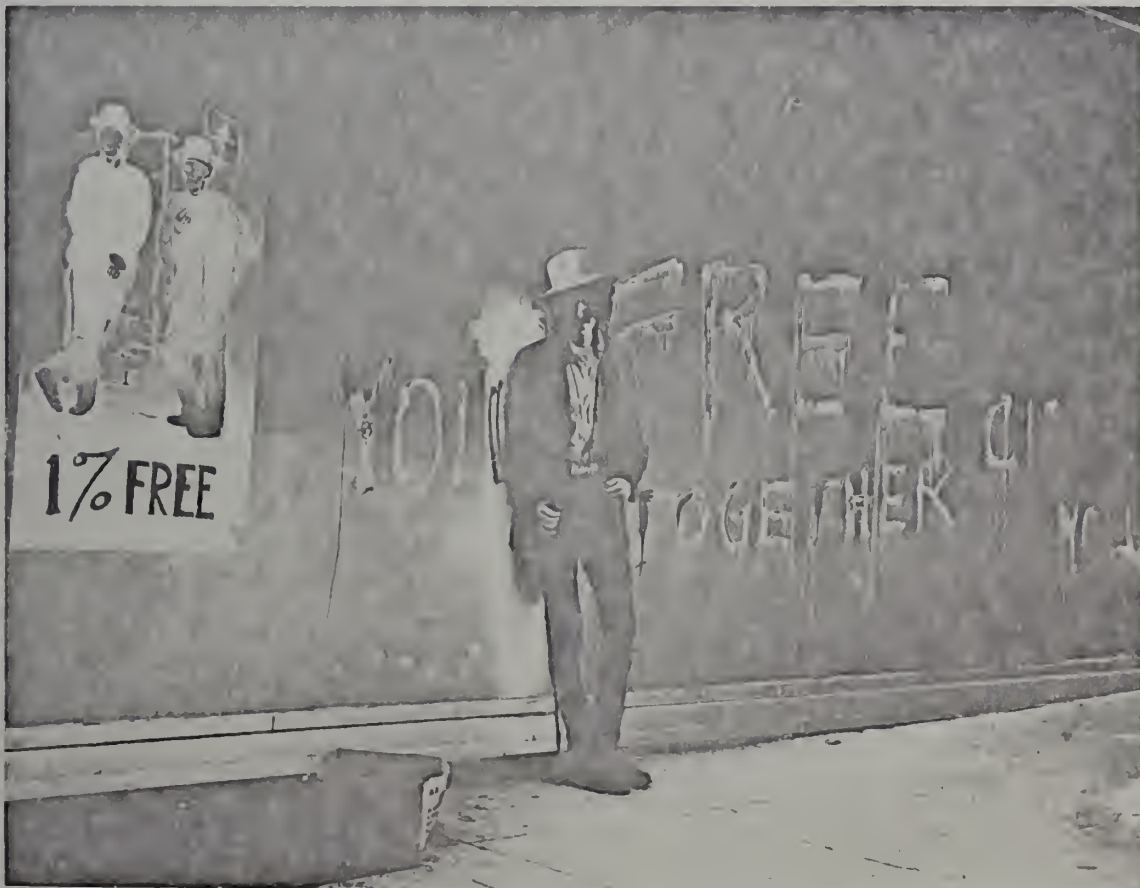
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Larry Noggle

SECOND BARDO:
THE PERIOD OF
EXTERNAL GAME REALITY

Don't get too lost in all I say
Though at the time I really felt that way
But that was then, and now it's today
I can't get off yet so I'm here to stay
Til someone comes along and takes my place
With a different name and yes a different face

—Traffic

*An interview with Joseph Rhine
by Gerald Pearlman*

Gerry: You mentioned several reasons that were especially important in Leary's decision to escape. For instance, you said the denial of the appeal by Douglas was an important factor.

Rhine: It's always difficult to try to approach a question like that from somebody else's point of view. Really what you're asking is whether I know what went on in Tim's mind and so whatever I might say in that regard has to be looked at somewhat suspiciously. It can only be what my impressions were of having visited with him over that period of time—seeing the change. But I think essentially what I'd say is that Tim, when MacMillan first put him into jail in March on this California charge, still thought the system was going to work and that it was an erroneous sentence, an erroneous verdict, and he thought the system was going to overturn that verdict. That somehow, sooner or later, as his earlier case had gone all the way up to the Supreme Court and they had realized what the problem was with that, he thought that was going to happen here—that he was going to be vindicated in the long run. Obviously—I'm aware of comments that he has made now, or at least I saw one in the newspaper a couple of days ago attributed to him in which he said something to the effect that he had always planned on escaping and so therefore had been a model prisoner when he did go into prison. And I think that while that might have been in the back of his mind—in other words he might have thought to himself at some point, 'well, if all else fails I'm not going to sit here for twenty years, I'm going to try and escape.' But at the first conversations I had with him the thing that was most evident was that he thought his appeals were going to be successful and there-



Tim Leary, alias McNellis

ROLLING STONE

fore he'd never have to do something like that.

Gerry: Didn't he also have a particular confidence in Justice Douglas?

Rhine: He had a particular confidence in Douglas. This was based upon our notifying him that Douglas would be the supervising justice in the Supreme Court overseeing the Ninth Circuit which is California's in terms of the bail question—and that was the first question that was up in Tim's case because he was appealing and he had to ask for bail pending the outcome of his appeal. In March, when he was first in prison we talked to him about getting bail but the trial judge refused to grant bail. We told him that we could move it up pretty quickly and get to Justice Douglas and he felt that Douglas would most certainly grant him bail. Tim felt that for a number of reasons Justice Douglas' life was similar to his own in that Douglas had a great deal of feeling for American freedom, freedom of human beings in the same sense of the freedom of animals. Douglas was also concerned with that pioneering spirit and he alone on the Supreme Court had retained a great deal of that pioneering spirit as far as Tim was concerned. He also felt that Douglas sympathized more with the young than anybody else in the Supreme Court not only in

his marital situation but by the fact that he surrounded himself with young people. He had just published his book, which Tim had read some of the newspaper articles on. I don't think he has read the book... but he certainly followed the newspaper controversy over Douglas' book and knew that criticisms were generally leveled at Douglas' sympathy for the young people, especially their potential revolutionary aspect. So Tim felt that Douglas would understand him and that he and Douglas were very similar kinds of people in their outlook for the future.

Gerry: So it must have been especially disappointing?

Rhine: That was one of the primary disappointments that Tim had, if not the most primary. I remember talking to him after the Douglas decision. He was very hurt and very shocked. I think that was the first time he began to doubt seriously that the system was going to vindicate him and that he was going to get out of jail legally.

Gerry: You mentioned another reason for deciding to escape was his age at that particular time.

Rhine: Well, he's forty-nine going on fifty and he was under two potential ten year sentences, which would have been twenty years. He felt that was substantially the rest of his life. Tim did understand—aside from his belief that maybe the legal system would keep him out of jail—he did understand that once in jail this system was primarily designed to keep you in jail unless you admitted the error of your ways and conformed to society's views. In this regard what got to Tim most was the psychological repression within the prison the whole question of parole officers... He had two sentences, one ran two to ten years, and one ran potentially six months to ten years... but he knew that he was looking at the upper end of those sentences because he knew that the only way he could convince a parole board on those indeterminate kinds of sentences was to conform to their way of thinking... to say that he would no longer advocate the use of any drugs or things like that which was the very essence of the things he was fighting for. MacMillan, who denied him bail, said very strongly one of the primary reasons was that he felt his proselytizing the young was a danger to the society. Tim knew that so long as he constituted that danger—since they got by on the question of the legal means to keep him in jail, he was not

going to get out of jail easily in terms of any kind of parole. With California and Texas, Tim felt he was facing twenty years and as a fifty year old man he felt that was the rest of his life.

Gerry: You mentioned also that his association with the other prisoners had somehow influenced his decision. I imagine this is connected with what you just said... namely, they advised him that he didn't have much of a chance.

Rhine: I don't think they put it verbally, with the exception of a couple of very articulate people he may have run into... but I think he saw their conditioning as foretelling his own future. Tim went through the testing system. I think he was in Vacaville for that, and he didn't really form strong opinions there... outside of the fact that he was being given some of his own tests that he had designed at Berkeley. He then went to San Luis Obispo where he spent the bulk of his time, and there found a number of older men who had been broken by the system. They really had nowhere else to go and therefore preferred to stay in prison. I don't mean to say that those prisoners would have said to him that they liked staying in jail but what had effectively happened as far as Tim was concerned was that those prisoners were so conditioned that they could not live in any other situation. Now most of these were older men so he felt again the parallel to himself. In minimum security where he was, most prisoners were men of Tim's age and some even older. Many of them had spent a great deal of their lives in institutions and many of them had very little family outside. A lot of ex-alcoholics. I think there was only one person there that Tim had been aware of who had any dealings with drugs at all. So it was not so much the older prisoners' advice to him about his legal situation that influenced him as their example of being so crushed by the system and generally apathetic about everything. They accepted the system and they were working within it, and he knew it. He also got advice on legal matters and that had some effect on him. Every time I went down there and I know Mike Kennedy went through the same thing, he would say, now so-and-so says, and he would go into somebody who had written lots of writs for prisoners. He was especially concerned for example about things like transportation to and from the various jurisdic-

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tions. If he was in Texas, did that mean they could bring him back to California or if he went to New York for trial how did that affect his coming back to California. He also had other questions about the "brief" writing. He went over each of the briefs that was prepared and each of the arguments and so when we got down there he'd have lots of questions stored up for us, many of which had been suggested by the prisoners who were what are called jailhouse lawyers. He got upset with me one time when he didn't feel that I was really paying a great deal of attention to a particular point he was raising. He said "the trouble with you lawyers is that all of you look at the criminal law from the point of view of keeping people out of jail, which is of course what you should primarily be interested in, but you have not built up a body of law about rights of people after they're in jail, and that's why you tend to ignore those kinds of problems." He went into a long discussion about how he wanted to lecture law students about what really went on inside jails so that maybe future generations of lawyers there would be some kind of change in the jail system itself.

Gerry: Didn't he describe the jail to you as being like Dante's *Inferno*? Do you know what he was referring to?

Rhine: He felt that nobody could really sympathize fully—sympathy is probably not the right word, empathize is probably closer—with people who were damned unless they were damned themselves. Sympathetic people still could not understand because they did not fully feel and appreciate what the problem was of those people who had been in the prison system for so long. He didn't want to become the kind of person who is left in that prison system for twenty years.

Gerry: Well, those are four reasons. Is there anything else that you think was important in influencing his decision at that time?

Rhine: Well, sure, he and Rosemary had a very difficult time after visits. In some ways visits themselves were painful, especially after San Luis Obispo. In the earlier prisons he had to see visitors through a wire mesh screen or talk to them over the phone behind glass. But in San Luis Obispo in the minimum security place there was a little garden walk where you could sit out on a bench and you could walk around and hold hands a little bit and this sort of thing. Obviously he felt the physical strain of that. Both he

and Rosemary when I talked to her in between visits found those very traumatic experiences. So obviously there is that kind of experience that he went through.

Gerry: Well, I think that that's certainly sufficient reason by itself. You told me that you thought Tim Leary's alliance with the Weathermen was only a temporary phenomenon. Can you elaborate on that in view of recent history?

Rhine: The recent history I suppose you're referring to is the fact that Tim is now in Algeria. And Rosemary is with him. I think when you and I talked about this before I didn't like the use of the word temporary. What I was trying to say, I think, is it was not a temporary expedient. I don't view the way Tim saw it quite that way. I don't think he just used the Weathermen. I talked to him that Friday and he went over the wall that Saturday night; even at that time he talked about the gentleness of the Woodstock experience, for example, as not being enough to overcome to system's pressures right now. But it still had a very strong pull on him and on his emotions. Tim talked a lot about the young people in this country and how he felt that he and the young people had a great deal in common. He was talking essentially about the middle class young white person although he felt very great sympathy and feeling for the black militancy movement too. We did talk about Angela Davis and her problems to some degree and he was sympathetic to her. All this is by way of saying, I guess, that if Tim were free and left alone to live out a life of his own choosing, he would tend to still be a lecturer and an author more than he would tend to be a revolutionary. Certainly that's Rosemary's desire also. I don't think their experience with the Weathermen, and I've read some of the newspaper stories about their trips with the Weathermen after Tim got out of jail, would change that if they're left alone and not made a political pawn in other kinds of ideological struggles. Now that's not to say that he does not believe that the American system has to be overthrown. He does believe that at this stage of the game because he felt it did him such a great injustice. He realizes that if it did him such a great injustice it will do it to other people. He probably will continue to talk against, proselytize against, write against, so called American justice and I think he will continue

call for a revolution in America. But I think essentially Tim's kind of revolution is more of a peaceful kind of revolution and I think he would tend to think of it that way, although revolutionary none the less.

Gerry: Well, it's rather difficult to be in two places at the same time.

Rhine: Obviously, I think the answer is only time will tell. I agree with you that there are some inconsistencies. On the other hand, there are people like Allen Ginsburg who feel that Tim never had any alliance with the Weathermen at all.

Gerry: Still?

Rhine: Well, I think he now believes that maybe the letter was true, which he doubted at the beginning. But I still think that someone like Alan Ginsburg is mostly fighting for Allen Ginsburg's own philosophy in those kinds of statements. Most of the people I've talked to who were shocked one way or another, no matter which way they ended up sympathizing, most of them were not looking at Tim and Rosemary as people or what were Tim and Rosemary's particular problems at that time, but were looking at their own political evaluation of the situation that was at hand and how the decision served their particular evaluation. I don't think Tim is going to be left entirely alone. Obviously in Algeria he will be faced with visiting dignitaries all the time, revolutionaries of one type or another. He's already had a great deal of conversation with Eldridge.

Gerry: Is it true that he has already appeared at the Black Panther Headquarters there?

Rhine: I don't know about appearing but he said on the phone when we talked to him the other day that he and Eldridge were getting to know each other well. I don't know exactly where they're doing that or under what circumstances but it's obviously true that he's had contact and more than just minimal contact, very strong contact, with Eldridge.

Gerry: How do you think that the ideas commonly associated with Leary in the past will fit in with the prevailing ideology of a socialist country like Algeria?

Rhine: Well, I think that Leary is now a revolutionary. I think you could never take Leary back to where he was ten months ago or a year ago. I just don't think it's possible. He'll never go back because he did spend seven months in prison, because he did feel it was so unjust, because he felt it was for his ad-

vocacy of ideas and not for anything else. Therefore Tim Leary is never going to become the Harvard lecturer again or the establishment man again under any circumstances. So that part of him is not temporary and he will continue to expand on that kind of revolutionary attitude. The only distinction I'm trying to make is that I do not think that he is a Weatherman, a Socialist, a Black Panther, a Communist, or any one or another of these categories that we tend to classify people into. He is much more individualistic than that. He's come out of the whole middle class individual approach himself. He was a Harvard lecturer and he's got the heritage. He tends to think in his own way, and anyone who's read any of his books knows that he is unique. There is no other person I've read who is like Tim; there is no other person I've ever met who is exactly like him. I say that both in a complimentary way but also in a way in which I think he's got his own ego problems too. So in those senses Tim is not going to fit into anybody's system, Algeria's or anybody else's. He will have to make accommodations in order not to go back to jail. He obviously feels that he has to make a lesser accommodation to live in Algeria that he would have to make to stay in San Luis Obispo in the California prison system. But even because of that I still would not make him out to be a socialist or a preacher of any particular system's ideas. Obviously he's going to undergo experiences that none of the rest of us have had to undergo in the sense that he's going to be an expatriate who cannot come back to his own country at least for many, many years. He's going to undergo over the next couple of years a different style of life, and that's going to influence him in some ways which can't be foreseen. I would be very disappointed if Tim just ends up writing political tracts for anybody's system; I still expect he's going to maintain a great deal of that individual approach and style that he already has.

Gerry: It will be interesting to see how influential he can be from Algeria. Eldridge Cleaver's ability to influence things seems to have diminished very much by his being forced to remain in that area. I wonder if we might spend a little time with the legal stuff that was brought up by Leary's defense. You stated that the issues raised were designed to reflect the immediate need for reform of

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drug legislation in the country. Do you think the prosecution may have been more avid if they realized that out of this trial there might be a possible change of drug laws in the country, a change which they are not in favor of, so that they might have gone ahead in prosecuting this case with more zeal than they might ordinarily have?

Rhine: You're talking about the New York case now?

Gerry: No, the California one.

Rhine: Oh, I think they used all the zeal imaginable in both California and Texas. Of course Texas has a very long history of prosecutions which have been going on for years. One went up to the Supreme Court and was then reversed and went back for retrial. I think that the government wanted to leave well enough alone with Tim at this stage of the game and that's why we got the offer of the deal in New York. I think they felt that by putting Tim behind bars for twenty years they had made their point. They did not want to face any other major trial on drug use because they felt it was a rallying point for the change in the laws. What they were misconceiving was that Tim's *sentence* was also a rallying point because Tim was only sentenced on two convictions for possession of marijuana. For example his son Jackie who was convicted of possession of LSD in Laguna Beach spent six months in jail and probation after that; and Tim, who was convicted on the two roaches that they found in the car ashtray, got ten years as a potential sentence. So obviously the young people were going to look at that and say, My God, that's crazy. I mean even assuming you accept the government's position that these drugs are dangerous, everybody knows that marijuana is the least harmful of any of these drugs and therefore what they're going after Tim for is not possession of marijuana but in effect what he is as a person, what he believes and what he advocates. I think that they were afraid that they were going to face more of that if they tried the New York case. On the other hand I carry a lot of marijuana cases now and the judges in San Francisco in straight marijuana cases for example will work out probation even on sales. They will work out probation on second, third, fourth offenses quite often. I think that some of the judges must have had their own kids in trouble from marijuana or something, just judging from where they are right

now. So that they're losing that battle, I think, in the long run. However, in terms of legislation there's a recent very good case either out of the state of Washington or the state of Oregon. I think it is the state of Washington, in which the legislature passed a law where they took out the classification of marijuana as a dangerous drug. And the courts upheld their reclassification, saying there's no evidence that as a matter of law, marijuana has to be classed in either of the classifications. So there's beginning to be some awareness now I think throughout the country on the question of just pure marijuana. Wouldn't have helped Tim, probably, even if the laws were changed.

Gerry: The County Council's office stated that 52% of all cases now in Marin courts deal with drugs or alcohol. The costs are enormous to the county for this type of a crime without a victim, while other much needed services suffer. Still government seems oblivious to the great harm it does in supporting this repressive legislation.

Rhine: I've seen some statistics on the costs which are just staggering. They'll just keep going up if they insist on prosecuting. Not to mention the fact that if you really think the society is having difficulty in law and order terms, think about all your policemen off trying to find somebody really doing harm. I had a case the other day in which I cross-examined a policeman. He testified that as far as he could see in one section of Golden Gate Park there were only four people: he and his partner and two other people with their backs turned to him overlooking a lake. But he could tell that they were smoking marijuana from where he was standing by the way they were holding their cigarettes and holding their breath in. Now if we're concerned about rapists and burglars and people who are hitting other people over the head, assaults, and all these other things, to go off and send our police force spending all their time chasing two young men who were overlooking a lake meditating, or no matter what the hell they're doing, . . .

Gerry: Nude bathing on a deserted beach. . . .

Rhine: Or nude bathing or something like that. I just can't see how this society can keep going (I couldn't see how they kept going as long as they have in that area anyway) but I do see some hopeful signs in terms of the potential legislation.

Gerry: You stated also that these "roaches"

that they found in Tim Leary's ashtray were planted. If they were planted, wouldn't Justice Douglas have been aware of this frame-up by the presentation in your brief, and wouldn't he have been obliged to at least find out about that?

Rhine: We had a very complete brief before Douglas so if he read the brief at all he was aware of it. After Tim left we had still filed his appeal brief which if the courts looked at they would be aware of these things, but two weeks later they still dismissed the California appeal on the grounds that as long as somebody has fled the jurisdiction they don't have to listen to any appeal. I don't know what Douglas was thinking. I don't know what some of these judges are thinking for that matter . . . some of them are just protective of the status quo, they make no bones about it. Maybe Douglas just felt he's getting too old to lead these battles and he's got too many other problems. It's hard to speculate on exactly where he was at the time he was reading it, if he read it at all, but if he read it he knew those facts.

Gerry: Does your firm have any other plans? You talked with Leary recently? Are you still continuing with the defense?

Rhine: We did. We appealed the California case but it was dismissed, as I say. We're sending a petition on up to the Supreme Court of California on the question of the dismissal itself; in other words we're saying that we should have the right to process his appeal in his absence. Tim would obviously like us to do that because it would just open up possible options for him sometime in the future, if the courts would hear it. But the situation in the law right now would be such that it would be a precedent-setting situation if the courts did hear it in his absence.

Gerry: I wanted to clarify one point from the past. At the time of his escape he had exhausted practically all legal means and you mentioned to me that no legal appeal would be possible. The latest appeal wouldn't be considered until next summer and all the indications were that it would be denied. Is that true? I'm just recapitulating.

Rhine: That's true on the case itself. The actual conviction in Orange County, we feel, would have to go to the U.S. Supreme Court if anything was going to happen with it and that's a process which takes a couple of years. The one area where we weren't quite

so sure was the bail application which was a separate proceeding by that point. We had the writ of habeas corpus on file and that bail application could have gotten up to the Supreme Court we hoped by next summer. So while his principal case wouldn't be up that quick, it would have been only in the first appeals stage, the bail application might have been there, however. I think it was the Douglas decision which made Tim feel that even if we got the bail application before the United States Supreme Court by next summer, if Douglas, who he felt was the most sympathetic person on the Court, was no help, he didn't see that the court was going to do anything for him in terms of bail. He felt that he was going to be in jail until his actual case got heard. Not only that, assuming we got the California case — they just held him in California — heard in a couple of years, then even if he got a reversal out of California, he had the Texas situation facing him. He wasn't optimistic about being able to get both of them overturned, so he didn't see in the long run that he was going to profit much from the appeals no matter which way they went.

Gerry: Yeah. What I'm trying to get at is that it seems to me that the decision to escape was one of hard-headed practicality, very common sense reasonable after reviewing all the possible alternatives. This was the type of consideration in his mind and it does represent a departure from previous types of concepts that we've come to associate with Tim's thinking, moving more along the spiritual line, and I suppose this is what got to the people that were moved one way or another. I know some people were disappointed. I don't know what they expected of him at the time, somehow maybe that he say . . . more of a martyr type of figure in that sense. What's your feeling on that?

Rhine: I think it was a hard-headed decision. One thing I always thought about Tim even when I disagreed with him on a lot of things was that he sometimes didn't do things in a realistic way. But one of the things I've always noticed every time I'd meet with him is that the guy really sat and thought for hours about a move, any kind of move. He went over each of the briefs very carefully. He had ideas on each of the sections. He had been fighting his cases for years. You know Mike and I came into his legal situation late in the game because we didn't pick it up

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until after he'd been convicted in Orange County. So Tim had experience going over the last four years of solid legal kinds of analysis in all these cases and he was very practical when it came to that point of view and I think that that's absolutely what happened. Had he been able to stay out on bail while his appeals were being heard I don't think he would have gone anywhere. I think he would have stayed and fought it out in the court system till at least he'd lost. He might have made provisions to go elsewhere in case he lost but I don't think he would have moved at all at this stage of the game. However, after having sat there for the seven months, after having the first couple of things where he thought he was going to be successful fail right at the beginning, he realized that MacMillan was a little Orange County political figure. A country type judge whom he felt Douglas was going to take on very easily because he didn't feel there was any problem to Douglas to be able to overrule MacMillan on the question of bail pending appeal. It didn't even involve overruling any great rule of law. And so he fully expected that that was going to work and then when it didn't, when he began to look at those appeal briefs and go over each and every stage, and when he remembered the Texas case which had gone on for four years by that time and still hadn't been ultimately overturned, he was still facing ten years in Texas after four years of appeals, with minor wins--well, not so minor, that first Supreme Court decision stands for some very important propositions--but even so, that's an incredible experience to go through. And I think he reached a very practical decision. I also think that Tim didn't like that kind of total emphasis on him and his problems with the law. I don't know what it must have done to his life. I know it screwed up his kids and his family in a lot of ways, to be preoccupied with legal hassels all those years. You know, the kids, everything, their whole life was rapped up in that. The FBI were always visiting, or somebody always bugging them about something, and . . . Jesus, I can't imagine that he didn't want to get away from that at some point. So I think all those things combined on him.

Gerry: Roszak in his counterculture book maintains that the formation of the church, the League for Spiritual Discovery, was also a practical measure in response to legal hassels

that were taking place at that time. Rhine: From the formation of 'Holding Together' when Tim ran into the California problem I would say that Tim certainly saw that side, the practical side to it. What his total motivating force was, I really couldn't say. Certainly I couldn't say on the League for Spiritual Discovery. Around Holding Together there were a lot of other people involved. Tim was always very cognizant of what other people around him thought too, I mean he did not operate by himself in the sense of any of these organizations, I don't think. And so I'm sure he also had the feeling that some of the spiritual aspects . . . he knew that some of the spiritual aspects were what held people together anyway and what held them together in these organizations; even though he formed them to some degree from a practical outlook, he realized that the spiritual aspect was in the long run the thing that made them work. One of the areas where we always thought he operated in sort of a strange situation was the way he used to go about publishing his books and doing all these other things. He's got this collection of people all around him in 65 million places. In Holding Together we were trying to cut down on expenses a little bit and it became very difficult because, you know . . . just something like the telephone bill became monstrous because Tim didn't believe in having one agent somewhere in New York who would handle his publishing problems if he had them in New York. What he had to do was call sixteen personal friends to work on the same problems so that he had sixteen people then, all of whom were calling us back and writing us letters, all geared to the same problem that he was trying to solve, because that was sort of the kind of together feeling that he had within that grouping of people. You know, I would have liked to have been to that commme they had down in southern California at the time he was there, when they were all living out there. It would have been a very interesting thing to look at because, while he had that practical approach to some of his legal problems and while he saw what he had to do in some ways to try and defeat the system legally, he had a very strong feeling also for the people who were associated around him and he felt towards them in a very personal way. I know this. He dealt with them on very personal terms, I mean there just wasn't any . . . no holds barred. Too personal sometimes too

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VOLUME 15

NUMBER 86 JANUARY 1971



Page 29



page 33



page 45



page 49



page 53

Contents

	6	In This Issue
	16	Letters to the Editor
	20	Notes from the Underground
Luis J. González	25	Bolivia and Its National Liberation / <i>article</i>
John Fergus Ryan	29	The Scourge of Scully Jack / <i>story</i>
L. M. Kit Carson	33	Eldridge Cleaver's Cook: An Interview with Paul Williams
W. Perry Smith	37	Notes of a Non-Worker / <i>story</i>
Anonymous	39	A Portfolio of Drawings
Spencer Holst	45	The Language of Cats / <i>story</i>
Ed Sanders	49	The Saga of Robert Pearpuke / <i>story</i>
Timothy Leary	53	Jail Notes
Nat Hentoff	57	Prisoners: Men or Animals? / <i>article</i>
	73	From the Third Eye
		Cover photograph by Lagarde

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JAIL NOTES

by Timothy Leary

"Just a little article exposing conditions in the jail . . . together with acidulous portraits of the President, Vice President, and the Attorney General of these United States, otherwise known as the Nation's Top Cop."

In 1969, Timothy Leary's border bust legal appeal reached the Supreme Court; in May 1969 the Law under which he was arrested was ruled unconstitutional. Government attack on his person continued, & Dr. Leary was arrested and subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years without appeal bail by Judge Byron McMillan of Orange County for possession of two marijuana cigarette stubs planted in his car ashtray by a California policeman. Federal authorities meanwhile chose to retry Dr. Leary on his Laredo border arrest on another technicality, this time not for failure to report natural grass for government but on the charge of "transporting a smidgen of marijuana the few hundred yards from the middle of the International Bridge to the Customs Shed where he had been detained years earlier. Convicted in Texas trial, Judge Ben Connally sentenced our philosopher to ten years also; both sentences set consecutively, bail denied, Dr. Leary at time of present writing has been jailed in California since

February 19, 1970. Terminology of both judges agreed with government lawyers' boorish language that Dr. Leary was a "menace to the community." Bail denial was successfully appealed in the Texas case, and as of August 7, 1970 bail will (perhaps) be granted by some Supreme Court for California despite United States Attorneys' obnoxious plea that our philosopher "represents a danger to other persons and to the community."

The text of *United States of America, Appellee's OPPOSITION TO APPLICATION FOR BAIL PENDING APPEAL* contained the following hideous paragraph II (e) "Attached hereto as Exhibit D-1 is a copy of an article purportedly authored by Timothy Leary in *Playboy* magazine in which he discussed the facts giving rise to the case at bar, and which bears also upon his aims and activities which are the basis for the Government's opposition to his release on bail." Further documents appended included Dr. Leary's pacifist testimony at the celebrated Chicago Conspiracy trial, & news reports of various university lectures including one at Ann Arbor, Michigan early 1970 whereat Dr. Leary discoursed to raise funds for legal appeals for the poet John Sinclair also jailed for several decades and denied appeal bail after

conviction a year earlier for having been entrapped by a local bearded agent who'd infiltrated the Detroit Artist's Workshop. Another disgusting document appended was a secret agent's report to the Laguna Beach Police Department "concerning additional suspects involved in the BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIOUS LOVE. Refer to attached report for additional details."

Such a hexed country! Judge McMillan labeled Leary an "insidious and detrimental influence on society," quoth *L.A. Times* February 20, 1970, and "a pleasure seeking, irresponsible Madison Avenue advocate of the free use of LSD," quoth *Long Beach Press* March 17 same year.

Suffering armed fools cheerfully, Dr. Leary made an exquisite religious covenant in jail. "Imprinting" as ontological key is suggested, & re-imprinting via Biological mouth-intake (food chemistry) is proposed as proper philosophic action. Hardly an affair of State—were we only to know State only in theory. Leary's jail texts economically define use and role of LSD; here's formal psychological discussion of character-alteration by means of insight-creating drugs, such discussion related to Socrates' discussion at deathbed & texts on Catholic Hell

*Bail was not granted. Dr. Leary left San Luis Obispo jail months later, on his own initiative.

From *Jail Notes: Left to Write in Wrong Time*. Copyright © 1970 by Timothy Leary. Published by Doubleday Book Corp. Distributed by World Publishing Co.

Punishment, these juxtaposed with Judiciary reality of Jail society; all accomplished in professional manner with saintly aplomb.

What's going on in his head? Day to day observation of Heavy Metal Fix—the inside facts of jail—compassionate shrewd analysis of Manson as jail-conditioned soul. A few gists & piths: "Psychopharmacology plus bio-rhythmic sequential analysis Alchemy & Astrology." Dr. Leary's notes include disquisitions on Hell from Church Fathers paralleled with prison weather, as if prison were that Hell spoken of old incarnate now in minds of State Judge & Jailers — thoughts interleaved with quotations from official rejection letters in legalese why some of his messages and letters aren't mailed thru jail walls. Dr. Leary touches a few political nerves—J. E. Hoover, "a 75-year-old bachelor virgin." (Actually, Sir Tim and Anyone, Hoover, an ear-voyeur, had tapes of M. L. King, tapes of a "wild party." King was afraid Hoover'd "do something foolish & play it in public." He did, to newsmen and various law-makers and wire service folk—no one was interested in his tired blackmail—Invasion of privacy anyway.)

Dr. Leary's Jail Notes make a science fiction classic, Orwell come true. As Neal Cassady also'd spent 2 years in San Quentin a decade earlier, entrapped by shifty Narcotics Agents for a joint.

An answer to this tough problem of human aggression? Medicine, 3 lumps hashish daily quiet 75% of Aggressive-ness. This fact courtesy U.S. Arms Control Disarmament experiments Princeton 1970.

Dr. Leary's in jail for theory and practice of research on LSD & Cannabis. A shame on Harvard, on the Academies of America, & on the State. "His prophecies," like those of Hippocrates he paraphrases, "and his techniques with potions, if become widespread, would totally free each individual from State control and make possible complete liberty of consciousness." And the blessings of Sri Krishna Prem on you!

Dr. Leary has taken the burden of giving honest report of LSD & Cannabis in terms more accurate & harmless than the faked science of the Government Party Hacks & therefore his imprisonment an act of insult to Science, Liberty, Common Sense, Freedom, Academy, Philosophy, Medicine, Psychology as an Art, and Poetry as a tradition of human mind-vision. Well jail's honed him down to rib & soul. —Allen Ginsberg August, 1970

February 25, '70 Orange County

Is there a library here?

No. Books are contraband.

No books!

Well there are some floating around. They circulate round a tier then disappear.

Magazines.

Yeah. They come into the office but the guards rip them off and take them home.

Are there any books on our tier?

Yeah. Three.

In dark of night detective story smuggled me. Read twice next day.

What's the second book?

A *Burnt-Out Case* Graham Greene. Read it five times. Marveling that this rare vessel of sensitive intelligence should find its way into metal maze labyrinth.

Where the third book?

In dark of night receive *The Confessions of St. Augustine*. Rock-breaking laborious reading. Unpleasant Portnoy's Complainer. St. Monica original Jewish mother. Follows her naughty lover boy from Africa to Middle East. Pragging and naying for him. St. Gus finally gets to be a doctor. Good government job lives happily forever and ever and ever and afterward with Mom. In heaven with Mother. Snitehink.

In next tier wealth roly-poly middle-jowled businessman. Baby raper. Caught giving bead to his daughty naughtier. He's got books. He's always first in line for ehov.

I ear you got some books.

Eyes narrow bargain tastement. Yeah. Whatta you got to swap? Swap? I just want to borrow a book or two for a day or three. Well I don't loan books. There mine. I swap or sell them. Oh, you so greedy. How do you get to own them.

He slide me an Orange County whad are you some kind of Communist or some nut look. Never mind how I got them. What you got to swap? I got some good ones.

Genesis of capitalism. Gods goods flow easily among carefree natives until some clever jowly, first-in-line-chowbelly child molester starts hoarding, creates artificial shortage, stops free flow and we're in business. Property. Why books? Because there's little else to hoard.

Someone gives me some and I spend afternoon on bunk meditating. *Fahrenheit 451* come true. I knew we shouldn't see such movies. Spooky reel eans. Ontological diddling. Create-a-state of reality. Outside, these men scorn books. Here they become currency. Books forbidden contraband. Hunger for written word.

There's one book they allow us to have.

Oh, yeah. Gimme. Gimme. Gimme. What is it?

The bible.

Pre-evil forests of Canada leveled. Crackly ocean of word paper inundate continent. Science-fiction fascist state declare books contraband. One book left. One cup of words.

The bible.

The movie you are now in produced by Salvation Army, directed by Billy Graham. Entitled *The Wages of Gideon's Revenge*. Down on your nease bow. See who has the power now. Repeat sinner. If you were marooned on a desert island what book would you ask for.

Do you want the bible?

No.

Sit locked in metal box, four feet wide, twelve foot long, ten foot high. Arrange mattress so it cushion metal stool. Place yellow legal pad on metal shelf and start writing.

In the beginning there was half a twin-soul in a self in a cell and the pen-celled words came writefully.

For nine relays and wrights by murky pale shadow glow sharpening pencil with razor blade held in match cardboard wrote story of jailhouse and then detailed plan for overthrowing the government of the United States right now. Blueprint for children's revolt.

Smoking cigarettes writing in new, careful legible script, eating candy bars, when hand cramped look at pale face in mirror, yoga, fall-a-bed, eat meals.

Reading books is strictly contras- tated but writing books is worse. Must bide a peek under bed. Wait for lawyer smuggle out.

In the midnite electric amplified night-blare LEARY N-6 ON THE LINE FULL JAIL ISSUE YOU GOTTA VISITOR. IT'S YOUR LAWYER TAKE YOUR LEGAL PAPERS Sleepwalk down escalator with yellow legal pad. Chula waits casual debonair When guard turns nods and takes the papers. Whew! There! Science-fiction Meladreamer. Smuggling words out of prison.

Next week lawyers return. Give me typewritten copies of manuscripts. Read your proof. Tuck inside yellow legal pad and happy levitate me up stairs to cell block. Bouncing me past guard station Sergeant glare glance. YOU THERE HALT. Come lumbering out of glass booth face khaki lad. WHAT YEW GOT THERE

Well Sergeant just lawyer seen litigation constitution reappraising appear

Dr. Tim
smoke

low us to
Gimme.

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LT. Come
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THERE.
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brief foundation liberation documenta-
tion. You want more.

Sergeant frowning. LEMME SEE
THAT.

When Major Andre was searched
plans for the betrayal of West
were found in his boots. Why
I just happen to have nothing
will interest you. Just a little
exposing conditions in the jail
little piece on the overthrow of
government with acidulous pen
of the President, the Vice
ent, and the Attorney General
United States of America, other-
known as the Nation's Top Cop.
Sergeant frowning, lips moving as
he reads.

It's all legal material attorney dona-
tion mandamus nihil obstat imprimatur
preparation ratification of my ease.
Now I'll take it if you please returney
comes back soon to cell I go.

ARE YOU PRO PER?

Well in the broader extra-juridie-
tional sense, Sergeant, I am preparing
my own ease, indeed, tis true of all of
when comes the judgment of the high-
er court beyond help of private coun-
sel or public defender appointed by
the solicitous state. However, actually,
I am not *pro per*.

WELL I'LL HAVE TO LOOK

THESE OVER AND CALL THE
CAPTAIN. GO TO YOUR CELL
AND I'LL BE BY TO SEE YOU.

Back on bunk lying stoned laugh-
ing groan. I hate Grade B movies.
Where my karmic contract. This time
round I signed up for forest nature
noble dionysian. It was clearly under-
stood: no more Humphrey Bogart.
What will this do now? Imagine jail
officials clustered round desk. Why
Gentlemen this is nothing less than an
insidious, subversive, treasonous in-
citement of widescale treacherous as-
sault of children on their parents which
we have luckily diligence of agents in-
tercepted inspector, yes the chief will
be pleased we caught this in the bud
strictest surveillance not happen again
smuggling documents out of escape
proof jail indictment.

Heavy footsteps on the tier. Sergeant
blunk form at bars. LEARY I BEEN
READING THESE PAPERS. I DUN-
NO IT SEEMS TO ME THESE ARE
STORIES, YES SIR, STORIES YOU
ARE WRITING. HOW YOU GET A
TYPEWRITER IN HERE?

Looks suspiciously around cell. OR
ELSE YOU WROTE THEM AND
HAD THEM TYPED OUTSIDE AND
THEN BROUGHT IN FOR YOU TO
CORRECT.

I look him amaze. Pardon me, but
my space ship just arrived here. Take
a day or two to adapt. Atmospheric
pressure, you know. Mild disorienta-
tion familiar to all galactic travelers.
Now if you'll give me my papers I can
get back to business.

I'M GOING TO PUT THESE PA-
PERS IN YOUR PERSONAL PROP-
ERTY. THEY WILL BE SEALED
THERE AND YOU GET THEM
WHEN YOU LEAVE. AND I DONE
WANT NO MORE WRITING SENT
OUT OF THIS JAIL. GAINST
RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Heels drum down concrete walk and
outside hear the hammering of scaffold
and dogs howling and murmur of the
angry crowd and the women wailing.

Eli Eli lama sabaethani.

Which being translated from the
Aramaic means: Some of these people
around here seem to forget that it's just
a movie we're making for fun and they
are the ones with the spears. Get me
out of here. My woman's waiting home.

PLIGHT COLLAR CRIME

Each day stories heartbreaking cruel
and sad.

At lunch. Beautiful young black
haired boy of nineteen.

.....continued on page 70 ➡➡➡



Dr. Timothy Leary and his wife, Rosemary, at a press conference before his imprisonment. "The new cop-out cliché in blame-game. As long as grass smokers were Blacks, Mexicans, and hippies—give them the axe. But when our own prep school, college kids start smoking, slam the supplier."

would need to live away from civilization for a while. They began their journey on foot, sweating and groaning under the weight of their knapsacks.

They did not see another human being for a couple of months.

But once, when they were walking a short distance from their camp, they met a wildcat.

The wildcat snarled menacingly.

The man had left his rifle at the camp.

The wildcat was between them and their camp.

So the scientist pushed his wife behind him and began to snarl and meow.

For several minutes they spoke, and then the wildcat turned and ran off.

"Darling, what were you doing? You sounded as if you were actually talking to that wildcat."

And so the man told her the whole story of how he had learned to speak the language of the cats, and that now probably Washington and Moscow were in ruins, and soon the whole human race would be destroyed.

He explained that it had just been too much. The human race was not worth it. And so he had decided to get away from everything and get what little happiness he could out of those last few remaining days.

"I have no idea how or when the cats will destroy us, but they will, for they have powers we could never imagine," and his voice trailed off in sorrow. She took his hand and they walked slowly to their camp.

Now she understood his flashing eyes, and this new energy he'd gotten, his new youthfulness—his madness was becoming apparent to her—and she found it strange that, even so, she loved him more now than ever before.

A couple of weeks later they were sitting around their campfire. Snow surrounded them, and while the scientist stared silently at the stars, the woman grew cold, and began to shiver. Finally she got up and began to pace back and forth.

"What date is today?"

"I don't know," answered the man absently.

"It must be around Christmas," she said.

The man glanced at her sharply, and then grew thoughtful. A few minutes later he leaped to his feet and shouted. "What was that? I heard sounds!"

His wife listened for a moment, and answered, "I didn't hear anything."

"Listen! There it is again! It's like horses' hooves!"

"But darling, I don't hear anything."

"Well, I'm going out and see who it is!" said her husband determinedly.

And he walked out into the blackness.

His wife heard him talking, loudly, as if to someone, but she heard no other voices. She called out to him, "Darling, who's out there? Who are you talking to?"

He shouted back, "Oh, it's all right. It's just Santa Claus, those were his reindeer we heard."

His wife said sadly to herself, "There's no point in telling him there is no Santa Claus."

He came back with a green plant, a cactus, which he had obviously just picked from the snow, and with a grand, old-world bow, handed it to her, saying, "Santa Claus gave this to me to give you for your Christmas present. He came all the way out here, just so you wouldn't spend Christmas without a present."

She took the plant in her hands and moved nearer the fire. These bursts of madness frightened her, or was he joking? Or was he being gallant? She looked up at him, staring out across the mountain ranges again, at those far-away stars. How noble and insane he looked. But then terror touched her again, and she said, rather timidly, "You know, dear, back there at the house—when you got so angry—it was very good of you not to hit me."

He looked over at her a moment, a little annoyed, but he was silent, and returned his gaze to the horizon.

"But then," she added, "I needn't have worried. You're such a gentleman."

They returned to civilization shortly after that.

Moscow and Washington were not in ruins.

And, much to his wife's surprise, it turned out her husband was not insane—the lunatic was that Siamese cat. They discovered the cat's corpse at the cottage—dead from starvation.

For there is a language of the cats, but all Siamese cats are crazy—always talking about mental telepathy, cosmic powers, fabulous treasures, spaceships, and a great civilization of the past, but it's all just meowing—they are impotent—just meows!

Meows!

Meows!

Meows!

Meows!

Meows. . .

At Newport Pop Festival, Cops started a riot. Long-haired kid threw rock cop and fell on its nose. Cop started search. In parking lot didn't know there was riot. Cops came up and said, "That's the one." Booked for assault on police officer with dangerous weapon. When cop gets wounded this really go all out to hang it on someone. Have no money and Father believed cops. Father hated hippie. Kid had public defender talked him for less than five minutes. Got free to life. So depressed, bleak, incredulous, stunned, disbelieving, dazed sorrow that his story had to be true. Five years before gets to see the parole board. Five years. Age nineteen or twenty-four.

April 20, '70 Chino

Newspaper clipping: New York, (UPI) Sen. Barry Goldwater (R-Ariz.) told college students today that marijuana laws were too strong, adding, "I have a problem rather close to me."

Goldwater said that he thought the laws were "unfair" and should be directed for narcotic vendors rather than for the users.

The new cop-out cliché in blame-game. As long as grass smokers were Blacks, Mexicans, and hippies—give them the axe. But when our own prep-school, college kids start smoking, slam the supplier.

The fallacy here is that the vendors of grass are not evil, nigger Mafia types. Ninety percent of all marijuana is retailed by nice young kid next door who buys twenty dollars worth sells half to friends.

Daughter of wealthy and famous millionaire went to European country recently gave LSD to son of leading politician who promptly announced had seen the light, that Father's politics were wrong, that he was going to become a Hindu etc., etc. After the son was clapped into psychiatric custody, young Kathy was deported her father notified.

The millionaire father's reaction is typical. He hired private detective to find out who gave his daughter LSD. "I'll see that he gets life." It turned out to be the son of a U.S. Senator.

Impenitence of the Damned: The damned are confirmed in evil; every act of their will is evil and inspired by hatred of _____. Hatred is the only motive in their power; and they have no choice than that of showing their hat-

A

Notice
hulking,
in joint.

Watch
glower at
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lates me up



red of — by one evil action in preference to another.

A VERY COUTH FELLOW

Noticed him day arrived here. Gross, talking, brutish, sullen. Ugliest man joint.

Watched him day by day. All he did power and chain smoke horrid lung-slapping state-issue tobacco. Oh, yes, another thing. Spent long periods out of mirror scowling combing back of colorless hair.

Sat on bench, shoulders slumped, sucking cigarettes. Mental defective? In-becile. Don't play handball or baseball or volleyball or lift weights or talk anyone. Just sat on bench.

On Sunny Monday first day Taurus sitting next to my shirt. Decided contact.

"Hey, what's happening?"

Hung head low, blank eyes to me. "As far as I can figure it out, there's no difference between good and bad. It don't mean nothing any of it. Does it?"

"What do you mean?" asked cautiously.

"Well they are all just imaginary ideas. Good and bad. Freedom or prison. Even life and death."

Eye dizzy expecting low-level, "what's your case?" conversation escalates me up to the top of old Vedic Mt.

Meru.

"I see what you mean. It doesn't really make much difference when you get right down to it."

Shook heavy head. "Man, that's heavy. How many people here realize that? It really don't make no difference. The only difference between being in prison and out there is women and that..."

Eye broke silence. "Yeah. Ninety percent of the emotion in my life was due to my not understanding her. Loving her. Fighting her. Wanting her. Escaping her. Making her jealous. Being jealous. Courting her. Ignoring her. Whew."

Hand rolling cigarette in wind. I offer tailor made.

"If you could die right now, would you?"

"Depends. Sometimes yes. Sometimes no. Suicide is such a messy body crafty mind trip. Now if God were to give you a simple way out. No sloppy slitting of wrists. Say a button. Just press it and slip out of it. Would you do it?" I was holding out my hand pointing to the button.

He leaned away and smiled and shook head. Looked at me and laughed, eyes sparking rugged, good-looking man.

Eye said, "A French writer named Sartre once said that there is only one

issue in life. To kill yourself or not."

He grinned. "Yeah. But wasn't it a French writer who said that?"

"Yeah. I said French. Name of Sartre."

"That's right. That's the fellow. Sartre."

Eye was wondering to myself, was it Camus? Who is this guy anyway?

"Well if there's no good or bad. What is there?"

Eye looked up at the sun. "There's energy. That's all there is. It comes in all sorts of pretty packages. You can groove behind it or struggle with it. Or call it different names or assign different emotional meanings to it. But that doesn't affect it. I like those moments when you are in the flow of it. Not happy up or sad down. But with it. Being energy. Serene bliss. Those are the moments."

He nodded.

"Like right now. We had it going for a second here in the sunshine."

He listen not response.

"What's your name?"

"My name is uncouth."

"What! Common!"

"Well that's not my original name, but that's what people call me."

"Do you know what uncouth means?"

"Yeah. It means gross. Crude. You told me that."

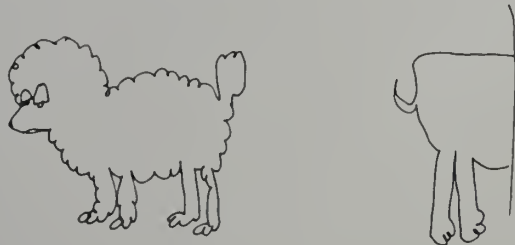




2



3



4



"I told you that!"

"Sure, I came up to you and asked you what couth meant. And you said 'Uncouth means gross or crude,' but you didn't know what couth meant."

WRITE COLLAR CRIME

As eye type these notes always aware that eye am committing illegal act. Constant glancing up reflex of insecurity. These notes are contraband. You reader. Watch out!

April 27, '70 Chino

After breakfast sturdy, executive elite con named Milton. The sergeant clerk walk to bed. "Leary. Were you expecting some kind of Supreme Court action?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I should hear today."

"Well I just heard on the radio that they shot you down. Denied your appeal. You and Huey Newton."

Don't remember what said.

"Sorry to tell you bluntly this way, but you might as well know about it right away."

"It's all up to Justice Douglas now," eye sad.

Spent the daze of gloom. Our life now depends upon one man with a pace-making machine in noble heart. William O. Douglas. Naturalist. Rebel. Friend of youth. Mountain man. Liberal. Outspoken libertarian. Solace of persecuted. Last hope of friendless. Husband of young girl. Hiker. Protector of wild flowers and clear mountain streams.

Brother called to third floor window looking down lawn be low. "See the gopher. I've been watching him dig that hole for a week." Just inside wire fence near road where prison buses incourt-excourt green grass covered with brown earth. Thin white-grey rodent pushing dirt with tiny hands. Glimpse around duck back in.

"Think he's trying to escape?"

"He's making a warm nest for his lady and the kids. Poor guy. He doesn't know he's inside the prison walls."

"He ain't in prison. He don't know what prison is."

"Wait until the guard in the guard tower sees him."

"They'd enjoy shooting him. They'll gas him."

"Had some on my lawn once. I poured chemical down the hole to get the gopher but instead it killed a whole row of flowers."

Watching little gopher father innocently, dearly preparing home for his children. Inside the prison walls. Extra-terrestrial observer watching us.

HEATH

Fiedler Lind's? news maxims, Fiedler at the Buffalo, in the m a man of that harassers of the case the your a health It's ag it's the commur with in a tells about his uncc officer in graduate days at t he was fr ship of tr campaigni munist, don't belc

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Ben Day milla

psychology today

JANUARY 1973/VOL. 6, NO. 8

THE MAGAZINE ABOUT PSYCHOLOGY, SOCIETY AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR

Kenneth Goodall	13	News Line Computer that buys like Babbitt predicts consumer behavior; only black supermen make it in professional sports—second-stringers tend to be white; psychologists are sexists, too; and other items.
Silvio Arieti	26	Stimulus/Response: Marcuse and Reich Are Wrong About Sex Both Wilhelm Reich and Herbert Marcuse have built their theories on the weakest part of the Freudian framework. They reject the ego and neglect love.
Tim George Harris	33	The Savagery of Good Will , an Introduction
Kathleen Kinkade	35	Commune: A Walden-Two Experiment A candid and intimate account of commune life at Twin Oaks, where a dedicated group has for five years run a community on lines laid down by B. F. Skinner.
Peter Koenig	38	Commune Roll Call
Peter Koenig	40	Kat Kinkade of Twin Oaks —a Sketch.
Gary T. Marx and Dane Archer	44	The Urban Vigilante Some citizen patrols help the police, others hinder them. But all are coming back into favor, especially with the young, the black, and the less-educated.
Timothy Leary	52	The Principles & Practice of Hedonic Psychology The herald of the hedonic age urges that the psychologist become "the paragon of the ecstatic, liberated, erotic, turned-on person." His role: to "decondition" people, thereby increasing pleasure.
Charles W. Slack	54	Tim the Unsinkable, a Short, Excellent Biography of Timothy Leary
Robert W. Glasgow	60	"Aristocrats Have Always Been Sons of Bitches" A Conversation with Kenneth E. Boulding. The economist who invented eiconics talks about aristocratization, the dismal state of economics, socialism, capitalism, education and about the strength of religion in today's world.
Robert W. Glasgow	62	Boulding—Economist of Love & Hate —a Sketch.
Ernest Porterfield	71	Mixed Marriage This in-depth study of 20 black-white marriages explores daily life in mixed marriage, reveals problems with family, friends and community, and undercuts misconceptions.
Elizabeth Hall	72	"A Raw Power Question" Despite all the diatribes demagogues have hurled at interracial marriage, it's here to stay. A look at the implications for society.
	4	Input
	8	Books
	22	Authors
	95	Bibliography
	82	Classified Advertising

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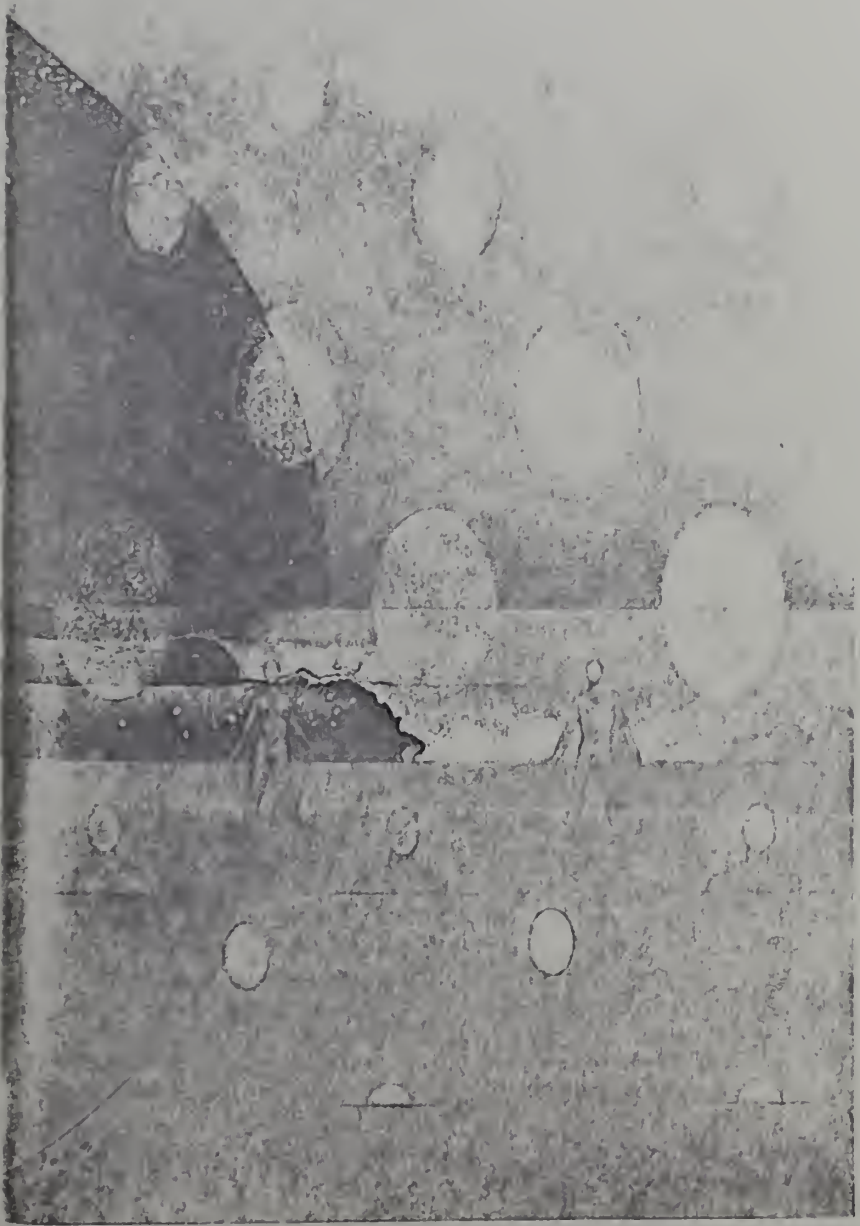
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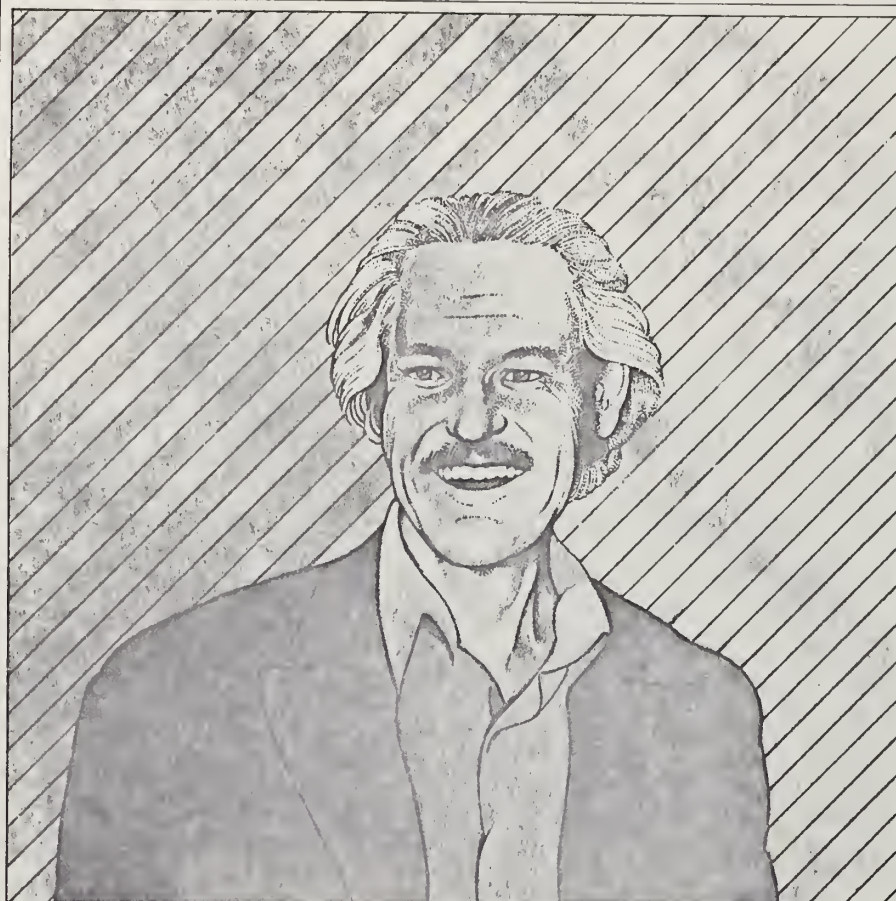


The Principles & Practice of Hedonic Psychology and an explication of the seven levels of consciousness (pleasure)

by Timothy Leary

PSYCHOLOGY, WHOSE RIGHTEOUS TASK it is to free man to grow in wisdom and to experience sacred pleasure, has increasingly sought instead to subdue him to efficient social routines. To implement the goals of the state it serves through control of the apparatus of conditioning, psychology has become more and more a science of social control. Through the administration of a value system based upon reward and punishment it has served to curb man's impulse toward freedom and pleasure. The major technical problem it faces is how to keep the rat from breaking out of the conditioning cage.

Psychologists, psychiatrists, educators and clergymen like other influential members of the cultural establishment are expected to be parsons of the social values they seek to implement. Thus psychologists of this mechanical age tend to



Tim the Unsinkable

by Charles W. Slack

A Short, Excellent Biography of Timothy Leary

Nothing so disturbs a bishop as a saint in the parish, said the late Norbert Wiener. Secularly, nothing so disturbs the Establishment as a man who refuses to go through established channels. Such a man is a level above ordinary rules of success and failure... or he thinks he is.

For the past 10 years, Timothy Leary has proclaimed that he has *the* shortcut, *the* instant inside track, *the* philosopher's stone, not only for attaining liberty, happiness and life-that-seems-ever-lasting but also for gaining artistic creativity, political freedom, and spiritual awakening—*complete* spiritual awakening. That answer: LSD and the other hallucinogenic drugs.

Of course, nothing disturbs the dean of a college like a lecturer who quits going to class and just hands out the *ultimate* answer to his students. However, it took Harvard three years to give Leary the ax. Anyhow, by the time he got fired, in 1963, Leary didn't care. He bounced back to become a leader of untold numbers of

mostly young people who, themselves, left school to become living accusations against the reigning institutions of culture and politics. From unemployed teacher to symbol of the counterculture. This was more like it! Carrying on through the '60s, Leary successfully: 1) planted the seeds of the hippie movement or at least its East-Coast branch; 2) helped promote the use of marijuana by millions; 3) gave LSD and other hallucinatory drugs to hundreds; 4) beat a couple of drug raps and, when he finally was arrested, convicted and sentenced, escaped from his California prison; 5) managed to live off the land or, at least, off his wits, without much visible means of support for most of the decade, and 6) remained continually in the public eye, all the while sharing personal acquaintance with a few of the richest people in the world and many celebrities of the arts, theater, and radical politics, that in-group that is on the outs with bourgeois America—in what Tom Wolfe calls "radical chic."

Less successful were Leary's attempts to start, in 1960, his own psychological association; in 1963, his own foundation; in 1965, his own religion; in 1966, his own magazine; in 1967, his own Indian tribe; in 1968, his own country; in 1971, his own "declared war on the United States," urging... "not just bomb the ROTCs..." but "escalate the violence..." hijacking planes... kidnap prominent sports figures and television and Hollywood people..." (in order to free then-jailed Bobby Seale). It is characteristic of Leary that he moves from each resounding factual defeat to a new idealistic view of himself and the world, thus "upleveling" (his word) failure into success. Timothy Leary is not easy to sink.

In between pronunciamientos and position papers, running for governor of California and running from the police of three or four countries, he dashed off four books—not good books, but interesting ones with slapdash pseudoscience, altisonant alliteration and panegyrics for his turned-on celebrity friends.

Like other scandalous hedonists from De Sade to Mae West, Leary-in-fact pales a bit beside the Leary image that he and his fans created and that his enemies—"the forces of middle-aged, middle-class America"—unfittingly project onto him. Despite the derring-do of his prison escape (minimum security, mind you), Leary-in-fact is a charming, very friendly, decidedly nonviolent person, usually in control even when he is high as a kite... a good guy, pleasant con-man, wonderful host, warm human being and good conversationalist. However, in his writing and in person, in everything he says and does, eventually it seems to leak out, somehow, that he has the answer and you *don't*. Even between the lines of his essay in this issue, *he* is sexy-in-ecstasy whereas you are anxious and impotent. He is up and you are down. Y nya-nya, nya. Tim is thumbing his nose at you squares. Subtly it creeps up on you. He has powerful friends and you *don't*, switched-on in-crowd celebrity friends: high-all-the-time-and-getting-away-with-it friends, zonked and paying no penalty. Infuriating, absolutely infuriating!

Anyhow, that's one impression. That's one Timothy Leary, the *image*. It was the *image* that U.S. District Judge Ben Connally had in mind in Houston, Texas, on Monday, March 2, 1970 when he doled out twice the minimum sentence

because "He [Leary] poses a threat to the community—openly advocates violence... poses a danger." Likewise, in Ana, California, Superior Court Judge Byron McMillan refused to set bail for Leary in March 1970 because of his "calling him 'an insidious menace' to society and a 'pleasure-seeking irresponsible Madison-Avenue addict of the free use of drugs.'" Thus, there is not a bit of doubt that, because of his "crime," Leary got a total of 20 years for possession of an ounce of grass. This "crime" fact ambivalence showed up in news reports from one of his "exiles," Switzerland, where some authorities refused extradition believing him to have been harshly sentenced in the U.S. for a minor offense, while other authorities asked him to leave because he was a bad example to youth.

The real Timothy Leary was born in Springfield, Massachusetts in 1920, of a devout Catholic mother and a military-medico father (Eisenhower's dentist). The handsome, smart, rebellious Army brat grew into a handsome, smart, rebellious adolescent (raised largely by his mother and an aunt while father was away). He entered Holy Cross College in 1938 but soon dropped out. He upleveled that failure by getting appointed to West Point, but there he lasted only 18 months. In 1941 Leary showed up at the University of Alabama which, then as now, happened to have a strong department of psychology. *This was more like it!* Leary joined an elite fraternity Theta Chi, made high grades, and bragged to his fraternity brothers about "living-it-up in the girls' dorm at midnight" and was caught and sentenced. He upleveled this defeat by enlisting in the Army as a psychologist. Leary spent the War in a Pennsylvania hospital and by 1950 had acquired his original meal tickets for American Psychological Association, M.S. from Washington State University and a Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley.

Leary's career from 1950 until 1960 spanned the rise of modern clinical psychology: the hope and fervent belief that something called "scientific method" would, someday, somehow, provide relief for the mentally ill and freedom for the rest of us from the pains of prejudice, interpersonal strife, and right-wing authoritarianism. American psychology—sturdy, statistical, functional and military-drab—

had a wartime affair with some exotic, intellectual, and mysterious European refugees: field theory, Gestalt theory and psychoanalytic theory. After the War, in love with the new theories, psychology was ready to tackle mental illness and other social problems. The Government and the rich foundations joined the fight. Money came in. This was more like it. With cash flowing freely from the Veterans Administration and other sources, clinical psychology began to grow exponentially—frighteningly, thought a few square traditionalists. One wag labeled it all "the leisure of the theory class" with "conspicuous assumptions."

The '50s were fast-growth heydays of clinical psychology everywhere, but Harvard and Berkeley were number one and number two. Not surprisingly, Leary made it at both, first at Berkeley and then, after a prolonged sabbatical in sunny Spain, at the Harvard hub—the center of the clinical in-crowd. "Theory Leary," the graduate students called him: a very embodiment of his own interpersonal hypotheses; unflappable with hostile patients, facile in debate with hard-heads, handling authoritarian psychiatrists with disdainful aplomb, generally fearless, even reckless—the perfect clinical psychologist of 1959-1960, the year the doubts crept in.

You see, when you got right down to it, nobody had been legitimately cured. There were no miracle methods. Statistics showed that one third got better, one third got worse and one third remained the same—no matter what the Theory was.

Further, along with the rise in clinical psychology, there was a rise in mental illness, divorce, crime, and delinquency. It was getting to be clear that Theory had failed. And Leary was Theory.

In the summer of 1960, beside the swimming pool of a rented villa in sunny Cuernavaca, Mexico, Leary-in-fact ate a large dose of the Indians' sacred psilocybin mushrooms. This was more like it!

Psychologist Charles W. Slack received a Ph.D. from Princeton University in 1954. He was an assistant professor of psychology at Harvard in the pre-LSD '50s, then taught at Brooklyn College and Columbia Teachers College. In 1970 he moved to the University of Alabama at Birmingham where he is professor of education and a consultant to the medical school. Slack has done research on teaching machines and self-instruction, remedial education, and computer-medicine. He is working on a book about Timothy Leary and the mad 1960s.

be highly overconditioned, industrious, conventionally virtuous and domes-ticated servants of the state. This is not just the result of the ominous dependence of the average psychologist or educator on the State or Federal Government for status and money, but more deeply a basic (conditioned) moral attitude accepted by the professional.

Pleasure. Hedonic psychology is the science that studies natural unconditioned behavior, natural, unconditioned experiencing and the relationship of the natural unconditioned to the artificially conditioned. It analyzes the process of deconditioning, the production of pleasure.

Pleasure is the natural, unconditioned state. Neurological freedom. Pleasurable behavior is behavior that is unconditioned. Pleasure is unconditioned awareness. Wild and natural.

As prime conditioner of his fellow men, the psychologist or the educator must be an exemplar of the virtues of his era. He must be calm, serious, controlled, sensibly liberal, genially cynical, smugly pessimistic, and above all ultrarational. To study the natural, unconditioned state, to produce pleasure in his subjects, to teach them freedom, and to act himself in a natural, hedonic manner would lead, at once, to his excommunication.

Freedom. Western civilization is now moving beyond the mechanical age into a new era of nonrepression and experiential freedom. The hedonic age. Herbert Marcuse [PT, February 1971] and Norman O. Brown [PT, August 1970] have written convincing psychoanalytic studies of this new cultural phenomenon. Automation ends scarcity and raises the dread specter of increasing leisure. Technological affluence creates free time, with the attendant dangers of disruptive pleasure-seeking.

But the rigid conditioning to productivity no longer works with the younger generation. The rewards of the rat maze don't make it. The Protestant work ethic is being rejected by large numbers of young people. Sexual exploitation. Play and display. The politics of the street. The use of deconditioning psychedelic drugs like marijuana and LSD. The drop out philosophy. The cool psychology. The new explosive forms of art designed to disrupt old conditioned associations and liberate youth from the reward/punishment patterns of their parents.

Swing. As the culture changes, so does its psychology.

As the society swings away from repression and control, so do its psychologists.

and teachers. The task of hedonic psychology is to develop theories and methods for increasing pleasure, for removing (or suspending at will) conditioned repressions, for designing replicable and measurable techniques for enriching sexual, esthetic, somatic, natural and spiritual experience. To study natural, unconditioned forms of communication. To teach man how to get rich, to play freely, to eroticize every aspect of behavior, to develop more harmonious ways of living the ecstatic life. Hedonic engineering.

Paragon. It inevitably follows that the role and style of the social scientist is changing. Just as the old Protestant-ethic psychologist had to act in a respectable, conventionally virtuous, cynically rational manner, so the hedonic psychologist must exemplify the return to hedonic values. In his encounters with his fellow man he must be the paragon of the ecstatic, liberated, erotic, turned-on person.

The psychologist in the year 2001 will be the master ecstacist. You will be able to identify him by his radiant vibrations. After all, he has had four years of graduate training and has a Ph.D. in making people feel good.

Beat. The brief oscillations of human events we call historical epochs (trivial and transient compared to the evolutionary rhythm of species) follow the alternating beat.

The basic social issues are always hedonic. War, revolution, politics, technology—all are irrelevant symptoms of the underlying current. Loosen up. Tighten down.

Each historical epoch produces its repressive hero perfectly balancing its hedonic hero.

Each historical epoch produces its corresponding hedonic religion, philosophy, literature, ethics, law, music, art.

Each historical drama creates its Torquemada and its Pied Piper.

Its own unique psychology of control and its own unique psychology of pleasure.

Arrest. In a society governed by reward-pain conditioning, the scientist who studies pleasure, who develops methods for suspending conditioning and freeing natural impulses is, at best, suspect and discredited. Usually he is persecuted vigorously because he has threatened the taboo by representing the one threat that a mass-conditioned repressive culture cannot tolerate. Warrants are issued for

the arrests of Dionysus and John Lennon.

Marcuse, after summarizing Friedrich Schiller's program for a nonrepressive, free gratification society, points out in *Eros and Civilization* the inevitable resistance of the law and order establishment: "The idealistic and esthetic sublimations which prevail in Schiller's work do not vitiate its radical implications. Jung recognized these implications and was duly frightened by them. He warned that the rule of play impulse would bring about a release of repression which would entail a 'depreciation of the hitherto highest values,' 'a catastrophe of culture'—in a word, 'barbarism'."

Prophets. Orpheus, early mythic prophet of the pleasure principle, was torn to bits by enraged middle-aged women. Dionysus never received tenure. The alchemists, along with their deconditioning drugs—*elixirs vitae*—were driven underground. Friedrich Nietzsche had his contract cancelled by CBS. Hypnosis is a classic technique for temporary altering conditioning; no surprise that Mesmer was anathematized.

In our own time, Wilhelm Reich, whose rare genius is just beginning to be recognized, died in a Federal prison. The essence of his teaching is that neurosis, psychosis, totalitarianism, and all other social pathologies were the result of conditioned restriction of sexual pleasure. No orgasms or routine tiny spasm ejaculations on the part of a repressed citizenry and its leaders. His prescription for a happy, free society: help people make love longer and better. Kick out the jams.

Nor can one forget the Dionysian occultist, Aleister Crowley, who in the first decade of this century documented in the pages of *The Equinox* his psychological investigations of hashish, concluding that the drug possessed tremendous deconditioning potential. Crowley's "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" can be a very effective deconditioning mantra for those trapped in certain programed levels.

Outburst. Academic psychology is concerned with conditioning man to accept what Freud called the reality principle and to eschew the pleasure principle. In this case we must note that Freud's appropriation of the term "reality" is completely misleading and even propagandistic because it implies that only the artificial, conditioned ontology of the current social order is real; that natural pleasure is somehow not real but rather a hallucination, or even a psychotic outburst.

Freud's reality principle would be more correctly designated the conditioned reward-pain principle. The key to social conditioning is that you are rewarded for conforming and painfully punished if you do not. Reward-pain is real only within the narrow ontological limits of the bourgeois social order, i.e., the rat maze pleasure, based on sensory, somatic, auditory and bioelectrical processes, is a reality of another order.

The entire range of pleasurable experiences, of natural, unconditioned encounters, has gone unstudied, unrecorded, undefined. Most unconditioned experience is relegated to an amoeba's wastepaper basket. Primary processes of lucination, delusion, polymorphous perversity, taboo. Indeed, until the psychedelic movement of the past decade, unconditioned behavior and unconditioned experience was considered *ipso facto* schizophrenic.

Levels. As our society begins to mellow and allow more and more natural, unconditioned behavior, and as hedonism becomes socially acceptable, we can expect an efflorescence of personality systems and psychological models that will classify and correlate the many varieties of unconditioned hedonic response in the same way that Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory scales, Freudian variables, psychiatric nosologies, and personality tests categorize the conditioned modes of repression and sublimation. *In order to study the human situation it is necessary to have systematic knowledge about the varieties of natural, unconditioned hedonic responses and how they interact with conditioned responses in experience and behavior.*

As a preliminary attempt at systematizing or diagnosing experiences and relating the unconditioned to the conditioned it is useful to consider seven levels of consciousness. Each of these levels is based upon observable neuroanatomical, neurophysiological, and psychopharmacological factors.

The seven levels of pleasure:

LEVEL 7: UNCONSCIOUSNESS—PLEASURE TURNING OFF. Sleep or coma. Unconsciousness localized in the sleep center and brought about by narcotic biochemicals produced exogenously by natural drugs.

LEVEL 6: CONDITIONED EMOTION—EXCITEMENT. Emergency consciousness located in the mid-brain. Affective responses are mediated by the sympathetic nervous system and produced by condi-

"Sensory behavior need not be disruptive of social games."

The seven levels of pleasure and their relationship to the so-called reality principle and the pleasure principle:

Level 7	Unconsciousness	Conditioned experiences based on reward-punishment (reality) principle comprising the subject matter of modern psychology.
Level 6	Emotional excitement	
Level 5	Socially conditioned reward	
Level 4	Sensory delight	Polymorphous erotic, natural and unconditioned pleasure based on the pleasure principle, almost entirely ignored by modern psychology.
Level 3	Somatic rapture	
Level 2	Genetic transcendence	
Level 1	Neuroelectrical ecstasy	

psychology concerns itself exclusively with Levels five, six and seven and disregards the other four, which are vaguely sensed to be psychopathological

Inside. It will be seen that Level six and Level five, which attract the most attention from our departments of psychology and education, comprise what Freud called the reality principle

The study of Level four has been almost totally neglected since the days of introspectionism. Recently avant garde psychologists such as William Schutz have focused their work on the arousal and control of unconditioned sensations.

The study of Level three, heightened awareness and precise control of inner-body functions, remains the province of oriental Yogis, Tantrik Hindus and Buddhists, and health and diet cultists. Academic psychologists still have no conception of the possibility of expanding awareness into somatic conversations.

Level two has been studied in detail by Jung as "racial archetypes."

Level one has attracted little scientific attention

Behavior. We have just considered seven varieties of pleasure, both conditioned and natural. But consciousness has remained an elusive phenomenon for scientific psychologists, experienced normally with visible and measurable behavior. Behavior is movement in space-time. Measurement of behavior is accomplished by the recording of movement by some replicable system and the locating in space time the movements by some system of objective indices

There are many systems of classifying behavior, most of them based on subjective or objective appraisals of the socially conditioned game in which the subject is involved, i.e., the type of socially conditioned performance he exhibits. In the immediate future, more conditioned pleasurable experiencing, more unconditioned pleasure oriented behavior, and more unconditioned hedonic encounters are going to occur, which requires the expansion of our present systems of classifying behavior

List. We can usually recognize behavior that is comatose, emotional, or socially conditioned. But how can we diagnose behavior designed to produce unconditioned pleasures? As Immanuel Kant said: "One can establish universal laws of sensuousness just as one can establish universal laws of understanding. i.e. there is a science of sensuousness"

A convenient way to classify this ex

tioned responses that excite the sympathetic endocrine systems to mobilize bodily alarm reactions. The emotions of fear and rage can be triggered by emotion-stimulating drugs

LEVEL 5. CONDITIONED SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS. Perceptions and actions that are alert, symbolic, reward-oriented and are located in the cerebral cortex, mediated by the central nervous system, and are socially facilitated by serotonimimetics, and enhanced by stimulant energizers

LEVEL 4. UNCONDITIONED SENSORY DELIGHT. Consciousness located in the sensory organs, mediated by the afferent nervous system and specific biochemical experiences, enhanced by psychedelic drugs such as marijuana and by Yoga and other forms of sensory training

LEVEL 3. SOMATIC RAPTURE. Consciousness located in the parasympathetic nervous system mediated by the appropriate endocrines and enhanced by drugs and herbs, and by forms of Yoga such as Kundalini

LEVEL 2. GENETIC TRANSCENDENCE. Consciousness located in the DNA, mediated by RNA, involving the conversa

tion between the genetic code and the cell building proteins which create the body, as well as the (as yet, hypothetical) conversation between DNA and the developed nervous system (I refer to what C. G. Jung called the collective or racial unconscious. Had he been alive after the work of James Dewey Watson and Francis Harry Crick, he would have seen quickly the connection between DNA and his reincarnation archetypes. In designing each unique body with its unique biochemical, endocrine muscular make up, the DNA code creates a mythic role: male female, muscular frail, comely ugly, healthy-sickly, energetic passive somato type.) Certain psychedelic drugs (LSD, psilocybin, mescaline) seem to produce insights on this level of consciousness

LEVEL 1. NEUROELECTRICAL ECSTASY. Experienced during epileptic seizures, electroconvulsive shock, and moments of ecstatic revelation consistently reported to be accompanied by light, illumination, electrical energy, etc. This level of consciousness can be induced by electrical brain stimulation and by LSD and SEP

Focus. In considering these seven levels it is important to note that modern

"The person writhing in rapturous abandon to somatic sensations is violating a taboo of Western culture."

panded range of human behavior is to use the seven levels of experienced pleasure.

The seven levels

LEVEL 7 Sleep; little behavior except random movements

LEVEL 6 Conditioned emotional behavior leading to excited explosion.

LEVEL 5 Conditioned social behavior leading to reward

LEVEL 4 Sensory behavior leading to delight

LEVEL 3 Somatic behavior leading to rapture

LEVEL 2 Genetic behavior leading to transcendence

LEVEL 1 Neuroelectrical behavior leading to ecstasy

Looking at this list we are again reminded that until recently, only three levels (sleep, emotions, and social conditioning) were considered within the scope of normal psychology, or even within the scope of conceivable activity. Thus, there are few nonmaterialistic concepts of our psychological language to describe accurately the nonconditioned forms of behavior.

Delight. Sensory behavior is characterized by two unmistakable signs. First, the absence of the expected social reaction. Second, the presence of movements and postures that focus on sensory input and on external sense organs and that express delight. It should be pointed out that sensory behavior need not be disruptive of social games. Indeed there are certain social sequences that are facilitated by heightened sensory awareness and appropriate sensory behavior. Any form of creativity and almost every form of physical performance can be improved by heightening sensory awareness. A well-publicized study by Andrew Weil, M.D. [see "The Natural Mind," *PT*, October], done at Boston University Medical School, demonstrated that experienced subjects who smoked marijuana (a drug that specifically enhances sensory awareness) in a double-blind experiment were more effective in hand-eye coordination exercises at the same time their ability to conduct "logical" conversations slid "off into irrelevant tangents" because grass smokers tend to be present-oriented. This experiment confirms that tasks that involve attention to sensory cues and present-orientation may be performed more effectively by those who know how to experience and behave at Level four. In the future, not only will the taboo against open expression of sensuality be dropped; all work will become sensualized. So-

matic behavior is also easily observable. First, the detachment from socially conditioned responses; second, the gestures, postures and movements that focus on the autonomic nervous system. The sexual, eliminative and digestive centers are the most obvious examples. Such behavior, of course, is shrouded by taboo if pleasurable, but excused if painful. The person writhing in bodily pain has had his mind copped by autonomic nervous-system messages. He is quickly removed from sight, hospitalized. The person writhing in rapturous abandon to pleasurable somatic sensations is violating a taboo of Western culture; he is quickly removed from sight and locked up.

Genetic behavior can be discriminated by the trained observer. You are behaving in response to genetic conditioning when conditioned emotions and social reflexes are suspended. You are enacting your mythic role, acting the part that the DNA code designed you to play.

DNA. Western intellectuals and modern psychologists find it difficult to understand the concept of genetic conditioning and racial behavior, in spite of the brilliant descriptions of this most important level of the psyche provided by Jung. Our society is so mechanized and standardized, our educational practices so geared to sameness and replicability, that natural genetic differences among men are depreciated. By genetic differences I refer to endowed constitutional factors designed by DNA to prepare each individual for a specific basic role in the primate group.

In designing bodies, it is obvious that DNA shuffles certain physical characteristics according to statistical probability, insuring that a certain percentage of psychophysical types are produced to fulfill the varied needs of the tribal community. The first and most obvious DNA strategy is the division into sexes to insure propagation. Certain males are endowed with muscular proportions and a trigger-fast, restless endocrine nervous system preparing them for the role of warrior. Other skeletal-endocrine types are designed to play out the less aggressive genetic roles required for the protection of our primate species. The teacher. The artist. The healer. The prophet.

These role-determining biological factors are genetically conditioned by mechanisms which biogeneticists are now decoding. In a highly civilized (i.e., overconditioned) society, genetic roles are usually blocked or overlaid by emo-

tional and social conditioning. Thus an intrapsychic conflict develops between the biological person and the conditioned person. The strong, aggressive boy is conditioned by his mother to fear, conditioned to a social role that demands docile obedience. In Western culture the genetic personality usually remains hidden throughout life, its presence betrayed by symptoms and preoccupations that Jungian analysts know best how to decipher.

Break. If the overdomesticated person manages, through chemical or traumatic circumstance, to suspend his conditioning, then the mythic personality can emerge. This happens regularly in the case of the so-called schizophrenic break-down. The socially conditioned structure snaps and the individual is overwhelmed by nonconditioned levels of experiencing. He shows the typical preoccupation with sensory input, with somatic function, and generally manifests a role disturbingly alien to the conditioned culture. Moderate doses of LSD and mescaline can produce the same effects, which, being voluntarily produced, are intensely pleasurable.

A most common feature of psychedelic sessions is the experience of a powerful encounter with a personage from one's distant past. Just to make matters more complex, it seems likely that more than one role is encoded in the DNA-RNA library. Subjects often report experiencing several genetic or mythic roles during psychedelic sessions. And to make matters more delicate, some of these can be *infrahuman*.

Neuroelectric behavior is the result of the liberation of the cortex from neurological messages upon most neural tracts mediating sleep, emotions, socially learned conditioning, sensory input, somatic plexus, and genetic predispositions. The brain is stimulus-free, not dominated by any stimuli outside of itself, and is swept by rhythmic, ecstatic pulsations.

It is easy to recognize when another person is at Level one. He is completely involved in his own cortical energy and nothing else. Such behavior is called *cléptic*, possessed, psychotic, catatonic, ecstatic.

The four levels of sensory, somatic, genetic and ecstatic are conventionally considered weird, dangerous, or pathological. Nonetheless, they have continued to be prized by sensualists, Yogis, mystics and ecstaticists seeking delight, rapture, transcendence and ecstasy.

U

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY (continued) *Journal of the American Psychological Association*, 1979, 14(1), 1-10. *See* 01-0101-0104, 01-0106-0107, 01-0109-0110, 01-0112-0113, 01-0115-0116, 01-0118-0119, 01-0121-0122, 01-0124-0125, 01-0127-0128, 01-0130-0131, 01-0133-0134, 01-0136-0137, 01-0139-0140, 01-0142-0143, 01-0145-0146, 01-0148-0149, 01-0151-0152, 01-0154-0155, 01-0157-0158, 01-0160-0161, 01-0163-0164, 01-0166-0167, 01-0169-0170, 01-0172-0173, 01-0175-0176, 01-0178-0179, 01-0181-0182, 01-0184-0185, 01-0187-0188, 01-0190-0191, 01-0193-0194, 01-0196-0197, 01-0199-0200, 01-0202-0203, 01-0205-0206, 01-0208-0209, 01-0211-0212, 01-0214-0215, 01-0217-0218, 01-0220-0221, 01-0223-0224, 01-0226-0227, 01-0229-0230, 01-0232-0233, 01-0235-0236, 01-0238-0239, 01-0241-0242, 01-0244-0245, 01-0247-0248, 01-0250-0251, 01-0253-0254, 01-0256-0257, 01-0259-0260, 01-0262-0263, 01-0265-0266, 01-0268-0269, 01-0271-0272, 01-0274-0275, 01-0277-0278, 01-0280-0281, 01-0283-0284, 01-0286-0287, 01-0289-0290, 01-0292-0293, 01-0295-0296, 01-0298-0299, 01-0301-0302, 01-0304-0305, 01-0307-0308, 01-0310-0311, 01-0313-0314, 01-0316-0317, 01-0319-0320, 01-0322-0323, 01-0325-0326, 01-0328-0329, 01-0331-0332, 01-0334-0335, 01-0337-0338, 01-0340-0341, 01-0343-0344, 01-0346-0347, 01-0349-0350, 01-0352-0353, 01-0355-0356, 01-0358-0359, 01-0361-0362, 01-0364-0365, 01-0367-0368, 01-0370-0371, 01-0373-0374, 01-0376-0377, 01-0379-0380, 01-0382-0383, 01-0385-0386, 01-0388-0389, 01-0391-0392, 01-0394-0395, 01-0397-0398, 01-0400-0401, 01-0403-0404, 01-0406-0407, 01-0409-0410, 01-0412-0413, 01-0415-0416, 01-0418-0419, 01-0421-0422, 01-0424-0425, 01-0427-0428, 01-0430-0431, 01-0433-0434, 01-0436-0437, 01-0439-0440, 01-0442-0443, 01-0445-0446, 01-0448-0449, 01-0451-0452, 01-0454-0455, 01-0457-0458, 01-0460-0461, 01-0463-0464, 01-0466-0467, 01-0469-0470, 01-0472-0473, 01-0475-0476, 01-0478-0479, 01-0481-0482, 01-0484-0485, 01-0487-0488, 01-0490-0491, 01-0493-0494, 01-0496-0497, 01-0499-0500, 01-0502-0503, 01-0505-0506, 01-0508-0509, 01-0511-0512, 01-0514-0515, 01-0517-0518, 01-0520-0521, 01-0523-0524, 01-0526-0527, 01-0529-0530, 01-0532-0533, 01-0535-0536, 01-0538-0539, 01-0541-0542, 01-0544-0545, 01-0547-0548, 01-0550-0551, 01-0553-0554, 01-0556-0557, 01-0559-0560, 01-0562-0563, 01-0565-0566, 01-0568-0569, 01-0571-0572, 01-0574-0575, 01-0577-0578, 01-0580-0581, 01-0583-0584, 01-0586-0587, 01-0589-0590, 01-0592-0593, 01-0595-0596, 01-0598-0599, 01-0601-0602, 01-0604-0605, 01-0607-0608, 01-0610-0611, 01-0613-0614, 01-0616-0617, 01-0619-0620, 01-0622-0623, 01-0625-0626, 01-0628-0629, 01-0631-0632, 01-0634-0635, 01-0637-0638, 01-0640-0641, 01-0643-0644, 01-0646-0647, 01-0649-0650, 01-0652-0653, 01-0655-0656, 01-0658-0659, 01-0661-0662, 01-0664-0665, 01-0667-0668, 01-0670-0671, 01-0673-0674, 01-0676-0677, 01-0679-0680, 01-0682-0683, 01-0685-0686, 01-0688-0689, 01-0691-0692, 01-0694-0695, 01-0697-0698, 01-0700-0701, 01-0703-0704, 01-0706-0707, 01-0709-0710, 01-0712-0713, 01-0715-0716, 01-0718-0719, 01-0721-0722, 01-0724-0725, 01-0727-0728, 01-0730-0731, 01-0733-0734, 01-0736-0737, 01-0739-0740, 01-0742-0743, 01-0745-0746, 01-0748-0749, 01-0751-0752, 01-0754-0755, 01-0757-0758, 01-0760-0761, 01-0763-0764, 01-0766-0767, 01-0769-0770, 01-0772-0773, 01-0775-0776, 01-0778-0779, 01-0781-0782, 01-0784-0785, 01-0787-0788, 01-0790-0791, 01-0793-0794, 01-0796-0797, 01-0799-0800, 01-0802-0803, 01-0805-0806, 01-0808-0809, 01-0811-0812, 01-0814-0815, 01-0817-0818, 01-0820-0821, 01-0823-0824, 01-0826-0827, 01-0829-0830, 01-0832-0833, 01-0835-0836, 01-0838-0839, 01-0841-0842, 01-0844-0845, 01-0847-0848, 01-0850-0851, 01-0853-0854, 01-0856-0857, 01-0859-0860, 01-0862-0863, 01-0865-0866, 01-0868-0869, 01-0871-0872, 01-0874-0875, 01-0877-0878, 01-0880-0881, 01-0883-0884, 01-0886-0887, 01-0889-0890, 01-0892-0893, 01-0895-0896, 01-0898-0899, 01-0901-0902, 01-0904-0905, 01-0907-0908, 01-0910-0911, 01-0913-0914, 01-0916-0917, 01-0919-0920, 01-0922-0923, 01-0925-0926, 01-0928-0929, 01-0931-0932, 01-0934-0935, 01-0937-0938, 01-0940-0941, 01-0943-0944, 01-0946-0947, 01-0949-0950, 01-0952-0953, 01-0955-0956, 01-0958-0959, 01-0961-0962, 01-0964-0965, 01-0967-096

From Timothy Leary: The Principles & Practice of Hedonic Psychology

□ Thank you for sending me the January *Psychology Today*. Your "deep-hued, flashy and fleeting" version of Hedonic Psychology is most welcomed by me and I hope by other readers who find themselves in any kind of gray, drab, static solitary confinement, penal or otherwise.

The short biographic comique by Professor Charles Slack predictably played up the "derring-do," lurid, headline image of rebel heroics and diabolics.

But for *Psychology Today* readers eligible for jury duty and conceptually able to go beyond the "warm human being" behind the rebel facade may some defense testimony be offered?

1 From the time he left Harvard in 1960 I have intersected the orbit of Charles Slack on a few unpremeditated occasions. During our first collision (1962), I administered lysergic acid to Slack at the home of a prominent jazz musician as part of a creativity research. During our second post-Harvard meeting (1968), I administered LSD to Slack en route to the apartment of some San Francisco Hell's Angels, as part of a research on nonviolence. The successful results of both researches have been well-broadcast. An unexpected side effect of these two experiences of Professor Slack apparently was to encourage him to become a part-time biographer. Unhappily most of Charlie's data come from Newsweek clippings.

2 Unhappily for me at least because Professor Slack's breathless narrative renders a wounding injustice to one of my seven most precious self-images: that of the hardheaded, objective scientist

My epistemological defense appeals to the rules of PSY PHI (Science Fiction). I have conducted and reported in the scientific literature large sample investigations on: psychiatric diagnosis, interpersonal diagnosis, outcome of therapy, psychosomatic indices, group process, assessment of divinity students, psychotics, top-management executives, analysis of psychotherapy process, existential-transactional methods of behavior change, etc.; as well as controlled studies on the effects of psychedelic drug ingestion on divinity students, maximum-security prisoners, artists, musicians, homosexuals, alcoholics, heroin addicts, neurotics, etc. In the course of these experiments I have developed many methodologies still used by other researchers. My posture in most of these studies has been rigorously behavioral and conventionally statistical.

It is true that, in the Wittgensteinian sense,

my interpretations of my data and data reported by geneticists, ethologists, neurologists, etc. are completely fictional and "pseudoscientific." I was led, as Slack alleges, to start and stop several religions, a few Utopian communities, form a government here and there, declare war and sue for peace, run for governor, run from the FBI, run with the Weathermen, etc. But look at what fictions Skinner wrought from his facts!

Perhaps the history of science can remind us that it is often the investigator most faithful to his data who can afford to go farthest out in self-conscious speculation. Gustav Fechner has always been my personal professional hero.

After all, I have probably taken and given psychedelic drugs more than any other "scientist" in the world. Does painstaking, diligent year-after-year collection of data in the widest possible contexts of set and setting suddenly disqualify? Has not every study of Government drug-education programs demonstrated that "users" know more than self-appointed "experts"? [See "Preventive Programs Are a Bum Trip," PT, January.]

3 Which brings us to the acid-test question. Exactly what have I said about drug use? Can Charlie Slack really resuscitate the lazy old libel that I have advocated the indiscriminate use of LSD as "the answer" to anything or everything?

My examination of all the available data on psychoactive drugs leads me to the following PSY PHI opinions:

a Drugs now exist that can alter human consciousness in any direction, good or bad, defined by current psychological barometers. And beyond.

b The philosophic ethical and political implications of consciousness alteration, by drugs or other means, is so traumatic to current uneasy orthodoxies (Marxian, Christian, mechanico-materialistic) that it will require at least one generation to apply what we now know about neuropharmacology

c The basic issue is not what drugs can do or cannot do, but the incredible potentiality of the nervous system—to sequentially imprint, to serially reimprint, to decondition, to short-circuit conditioned synaptic patterns, to deal with wide spectra of multichannel stimuli simultaneously, to speed up, to communicate electrically, to receive and broadcast telepathically, to respond to periodic changes in "atmosphere," etc. Every nervous system is as complex and as unique within, as any galaxy without

d Understanding and precise control of the nervous system is the central scientific issue of the next era—which might usefully be called the Neurological Age

e And drugs might be called the alphabet of

neurological literacy. To teach your children to use their nervous systems scientifically you begin by saying, "A is for alcohol, C is for your mood. B is for benzedrine, speedy. D is for cocaine, sexy like ice. D is for dopamine, addiction's not nice." Dope's no big deal. "Dopers" are the boring pedants of the new age. (In other unpublished essays I have applied the Einsteinian and Lorentzian transformations to the deeper issues of time dilation and time contraction at different rates of consciousness.)

f The big deal is, of course, electrical (local and electronic (distant) brain stimulation. The medium is the message within neurological time as without in McLuhan space, and drugs will soon become academic, educational and esthetic toys. Let those who cry "crutch" or "artificial" divest themselves of every other "blessing" of technology and then we'll talk ethnobotany.

g The big issue is control. Who will press the neurological buttons? The State or the individual? Americans really are innocent, even virginal, about totalitarianism. I discovered this painfully trying to get my passport back from Maoist Cleaver and an ex-visa (I) from socialist Algeria, and joyfully in Europe where most intellectuals have read *Politics of Ecstasy* and can accept me as a philosopher made all the more respectable for Federal persecution. My ultraconservative lawyer in Zurich has two client pictures in his office. Mine and Solzhenitsyn's. Can you dig the liberal European perspective about public control of anything that anyone does privately?

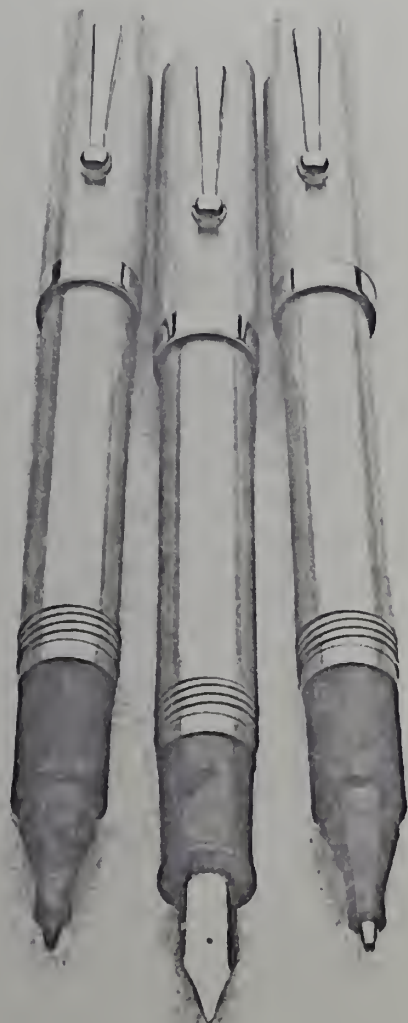
h Oh, yes, about LSD. For 10 years I have chanted the same mantras. LSD is the most powerful psychotropic agent yet discovered. It is dangerous when used by the weak, the neurotically rigid, the ugly, the uneducated, the untutored. Its use might logically be licensed by the Government the way airplane pilots or astronauts are licensed. In the Neurological Age, personal politics will have to be very undemocratic. The Age of Genetics to follow will be even more aristocratic. Let the present note and future recall that I have never advocated a cure-all panacea nor encouraged an escape from the goodness of man or instant deification. Neurological freedom entails total responsibility for the reality one experiences. My "I" sees precisely what it chooses to look at

4 The *Psychology Today* article on Hedonic Psychology was based on lectures given during the political days of 1969 and recently edited by well-meaning friends. *Psychology Today* readers interested in receiving more

NO NON SENSE Leary

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current versions of my neurological fictions
and/or a support bibliography can write P. O.
Box 26369, San Francisco, California 94126

With love, under will,

Timothy J. Leary

Maximum Security Cell
San Luis Obispo, Calif

Charles W. Slack Replies:

☐ Let me state the following facts:

a. I took LSD from Leary in 1962 at a party at
the home of a prominent jazz musician. At
least I thought it was a party not a "creativity
research." However, I will let that one go. LSD
was legal then, as were psilocybin and DMT,
each of which I tried once or twice.

b. I did not take LSD "enroute to the
apartment of some San Francisco Hell's
Angels" in 1968. I did visit Leary in Berkeley
for about a week in March of that year. I never
saw a Hell's Angel and did not, knowingly,
take any LSD. I saw (and took) some other
things on my visit, however, and am busy
writing about them under the working title
"The Mad '60s, or Was It St. Andreas' Fault
That We Thought California Was Going to
Slide Into the Pacific?"

c. None of my facts came from *Newsweek*. I
don't think *Newsweek* has ever been
particularly interested in Leary.

d. I heard from Gustav Fechner recently. He
returns from the dead each year on Ash
Wednesday Eve to whisper to me the name of
the one psychologist who, during the year,
has made the greatest contribution toward
reducing the Standard Error of Measurement.
Never once did he so much as breathe
Leary's name to me in that connection.

Regarding Leary as a scientist, I have been
inspired to write the following ditty:

I'm a scientist from the big city
I study the real nitty-gritty
Just to make my point
I'll smoke me a joint
And impress the Nobel Committee

e. Bless my soul! Did I imply that Leary once
advocated indiscriminate use of LSD by
everybody? Sorry. Why, time after time, Leary
told me: "Charlie, I do not advocate the
indiscriminate use of LSD by everybody," and
then added, *sotto voce*, "only the discriminate
use by the proper half of everybody on Earth
can save mankind."

Most of all, Leary was vehemently opposed
to the giving of LSD to inanimate objects and
after dogged investigation, was really quite con-
fident about its value as fertilizer. He once caught
me trying to pour some into a potted
philodendron and shouted: "Stop!" This
single word attested eloquently to his inspired
belief that plants need very little to get high.
The Medical Center
University of Alabama in Birmingham

The Sexual Fantasies of Women

[] Two out of three suburban housewives
interviewed by a psychologist report they have
imagined during lovemaking that their partner

was someone else other than their husband
[March]

E. Barbara Hariton, a Ph.D. psychology and
marital sex counselor, sees nothing wrong
with erotic fantasies inasmuch as sex desire
and pleasures are often enhanced.

She differs from the traditional view of
Freudians that erotic fantasies are
"escapism" or a sign of "immaturity"
device to put psychological distance between
themselves and their partners.

Psychology is dominated by males...
find it impossible to believe that normal
women might have fantasies during
intercourse," commented Dr. Hariton, a
suburban housewife and mother.

"One of the most important findings was
that erotic fantasies did not indicate marital
maladjustment," said Dr. Hariton. "Women
who had positive thoughts about their
husbands during intercourse were just as
likely to have erotic fantasies as those having
negative thoughts about their mates."

She also found that women who fantasized
a great deal were more likely to have creative
personalities. The seven percent who never
had fantasies were bland.

New

Chicago

☐ Sheer porn—

Sandra J. Mile

Auburn, Neb

☐ How do we know that Hariton's
respondents are not also fantasizing when
they answer her questionnaire?

Val R. Lorwin

University of Oregon

Eugene

☐ I fantasize my husband with another
woman (or more) while I'm either watching or
joining in. The only thing that makes me hor-
rified is knowing that I'm making my husband hor-
rified by thinking what I think he might enjoy. It kind
of goes in a circle because he gets horny
when he knows I'm thinking of my fantasies
you can make any sense out of that? All
I know is that it works.

[Name Withheld]

☐ I was raped recently, and what was
most upsetting to me in the whole experience
were the police persons, lawyers and judges
who all had the notion that women want to be
raped and that I must be fabricating my story.

While I do not doubt the results that many
women get turned on by that fantasy, one of
the consequences is to reinforce a myth that
is not true for me and many other women. I
know the myth that it turns women on to
fantasize and actualize being taken by a man
being overpowered, forced and made to submit.

[Name Withheld]

[] I think these fantasizing ladies would be
better served if they put their energies into

(Continued on page 110)

Ramparts

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Letters

[THOUGHTS ON WATERGATE]

Editors/Nixon's Watergate henchmen were operating under a standard American assumption. Since the days of the Foreign Agent Registration Act and before, Americans have assumed that radicals who wanted to change the political or economic system of the country in any basic way were advocating the destruction of the country itself or its takeover by a foreign power, and were therefore outside the realm of politics proper. Whereas in most non-fascist countries the name "socialist" is a proud boast, here socialism is more likely to be thought of as a deadly disease than as a political/economic theory.

Neither Johnson nor Nixon perceived the upheaval of the '60s as political in any way they could understand, and it was quite natural for Nixon to see all that unrest as inspired by foreign powers. Make the identification of the mildly reformist George McGovern with those "liberal communists" exercising their First Amendment rights to petition the government for the redress of grievances, and you have all the justification you need for violating both the law and the Constitution to ensure the Democratic nominee's defeat. From this point of view, the McGovern campaign was a threat to national security.

Paul Brians
Pullman, Wash.

[CHILDREN OF IRELAND]

Editors/We had hoped that in our article on "Belfast's Children of Violence," (*Ramparts*, October 1973) you would mention that the origin of the paintings lay in our film about the conflict, "A Place Called Ardoyne." As it is one of the few radical films on Northern Ireland available in this country, we felt *Ramparts* readers would be interested to know of its existence. Relating life and poor conditions in the Catholic community of Ardoyne to the larger role of Britain's colonial past, the film is now available from Impact Films, New York/San Francisco.

David & Philip Thompson
Santa Monica, Calif.

[TWO WOMEN]

Editors/Whatever inspired you to publish "Two Women" [*Ramparts*, October '73]? What a tasteless, content-less, pathetic piece of trash. You seem to have political standards, but where are your literary standards? If we wanted to read that sort of

embarrassing, sensational, C-grade crap, we'd subscribe to *True Confessions*.

Jean Schiffman
Berkeley, Calif.

[A GOOD ISSUE]

Editors/Your October issue was "a sight for sore eyes." after all that Jimmy the Greek, New Mysticism, etc. crap, I thought you too, were going the commercial path of FM-radio, *Rolling Stone*, et. al.

Please don't feel the need to fill the empty space of LOOK-LIFE. I don't miss them. I would definitely miss *Ramparts*.

Bob Quartell
Chicago, Ill.

[WHAT IS TO BE DONE]

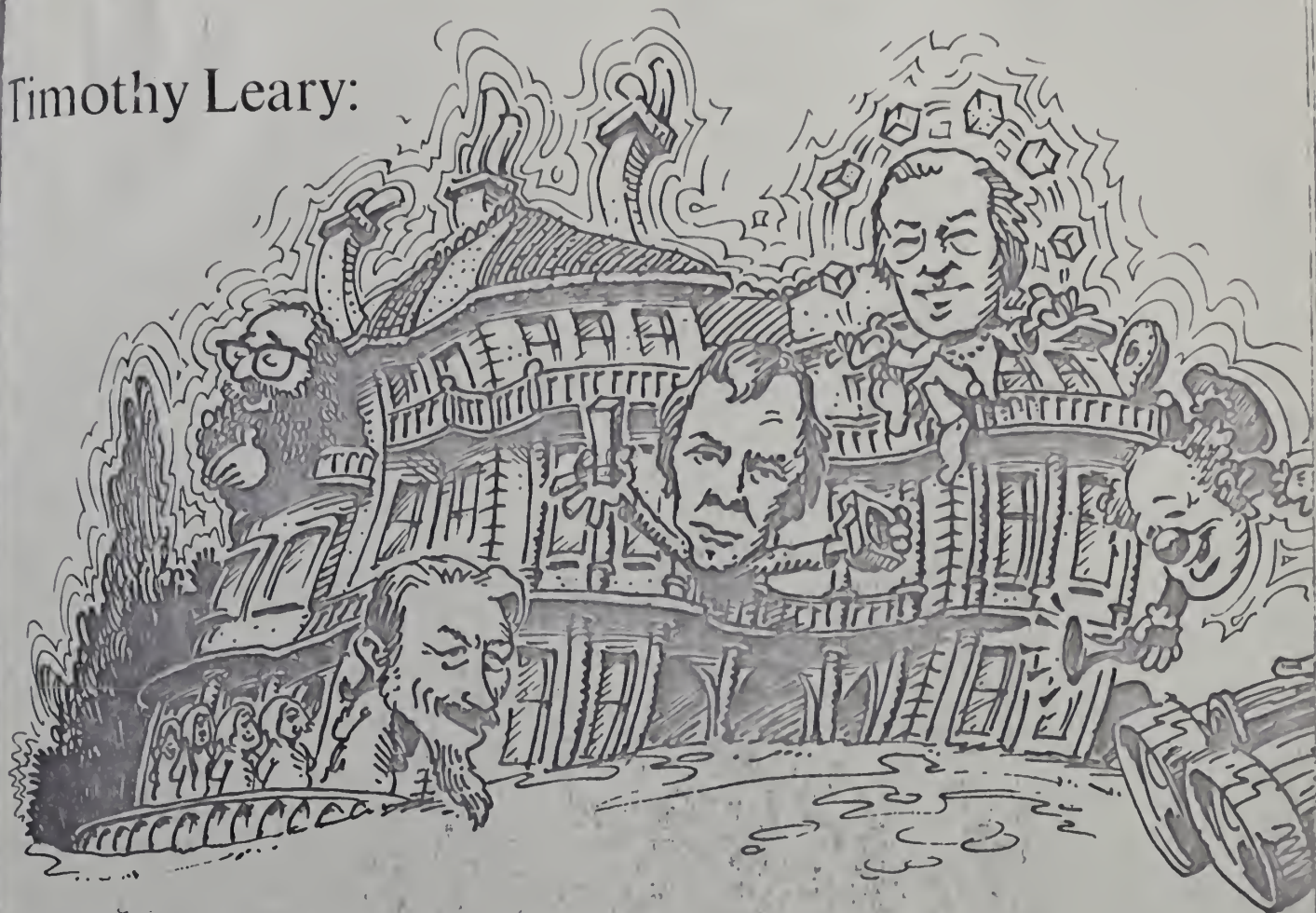
Editors/Watergate could not have been even a historical possibility without the New Left. If any here amongst us can remember back that far, it was around the time of Chicago that the theory evolved that we could end the war by bringing the war back home, i.e. making the social consequences of the war so appalling and disturbing that the ruling elites would decide that saving the social fabric of America was more important than all the economic and military potential of Vietnam. Of course we prolonged the war. Can there be any doubt that without a peace movement to, in effect, make certain military means unacceptable to the American public and thus to circumscribe the military options open to Johnson and Nixon and their advisers, the war would have long been over?

The anti-war movement wasn't a mistake or a failure, and history will surely prove that we achieved a great deal. But for many reasons, in the aftermath it seems we're incapable of understanding what we did accomplish. Perhaps it's due to our own lack of understanding of history, particularly America. Look at it this way... we were expecting, or hoping, to actually produce a revolution within a short matter of years. In Europe this is feasible; in Latin America with CIA help, it is easy. But in America the political spectrum has been truncated... American history, there have only been temporary bursts and occasional sputters of left wing activity.

The anti-war movement started what seems now to be the beginning of a historical Left in America, something that, a hundred years from now could totally reconfigure American politics. The horrors of Watergate and Vietnam have created a tremendous distrust for official

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Timothy Leary:



"The Day I Was Busted by G. Gordon Liddy"

The compulsion to spy on others is derived, so it is said, from the sexual curiosity of the pre-pubescent child who burns to know what grown-ups do behind bedroom doors. Reaching maturity, the sexually confident person expresses erotic energy in love-making. The voyeurism of childhood remains as a delicious form of foreplay. For those who do not mature sexually, whose erotic expressions are inhibited, voyeurism, the surreptitious spying on others, can become a highly sexual obsession. As with most other guilt-ridden "sexual deviates," the voyeur is invariably a political conservative—shocked, moralistic, and censorious about behaviors which he compulsively and secretly seeks to discover. We think of the

Timothy Leary has written hundreds of articles and seven books, most recently *Neurologique* (Level Press). He is presently serving a six month to 15 year sentence at Folsom Prison for possession of two marijuana roaches and his 1970 prison escape.

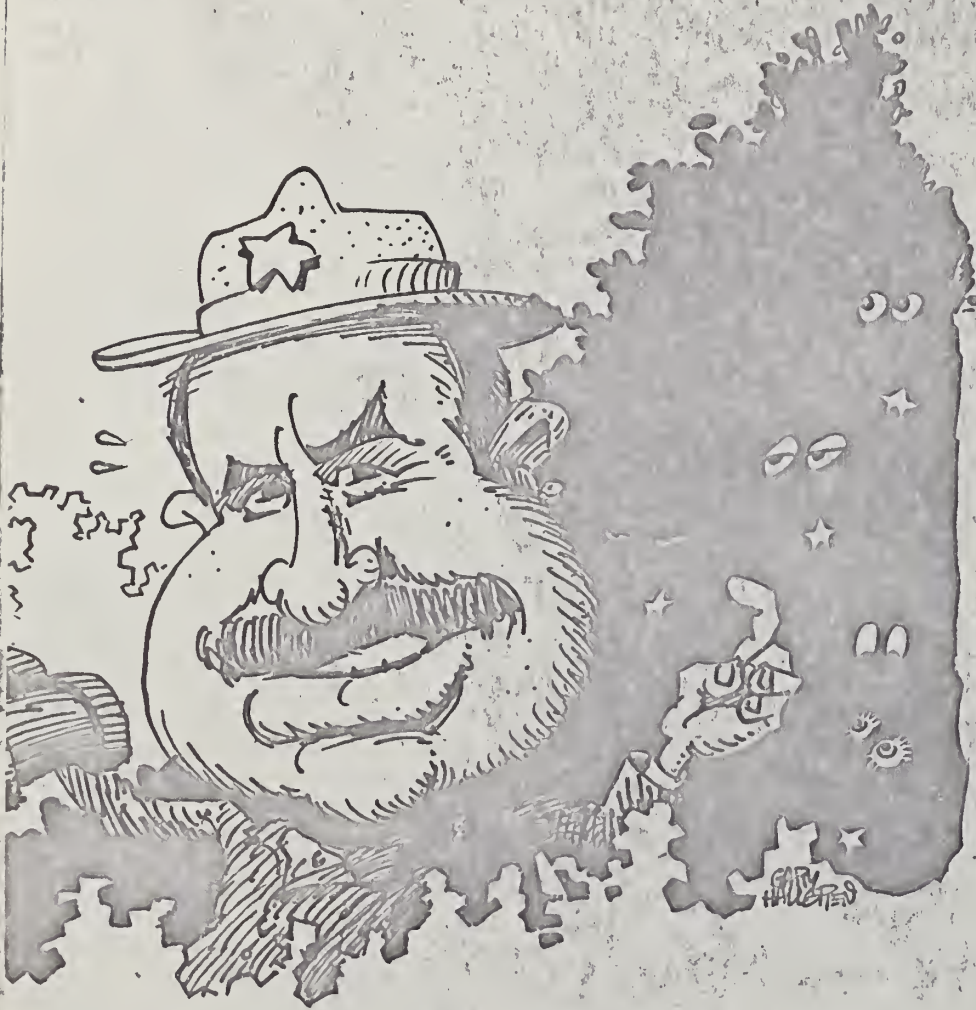
priest in the confessional or of vice squads or of J. Edgar Hoover, forbidding extramarital expressions to his agents at the pain of discharge, and who, himself unmarried, presumptive virgin, *voyeur extraordinaire*, guarded files containing reports, tapes, and photos of the sexual peccadillos of American politicians.

We define the 1960s as a time of erotic explosion. But the freedom of sexual expression was not shared by all. While part of the population was making love, another part was reading spy novels about enemies doing bad things that must be investigated and stopped. The cold war petered out when it became obvious that the Commie leaders were basically hard-working, no-nonsense law and order folk and that the "bad" things were being done right here in America by grass-smoking, long-haired people who were growing in numbers and influence. This conflict is what sent G. Gordon Liddy in search of me.

[LIDDY'S FIRST SPY CAPER]

It was Saturday night—the 64-room mansion at Millbrook, New York, filled with staff members of the Castalia Foundation and weekend guests. Dinner in the oak-paneled dining room, low tables and cushions. The big stereo speakers trembled with Dylan, Beatles, Ali Akbar. Later, around the huge fireplace, David made guitar. Musicians came to Millbrook to learn that sound was energy to play with. Strange new vibrations filled the air. Painters, discovering that light was energy to free from canvas, splashed, rippled, exploded color across the walls of Millbrook, chromatic patterns bubbling, rainbow crystals blossoming, multi-hued cellular blobs undulating. Beautiful women moved with yogic grace and most of the men wore longish hair. The year was 1965.

Outside the house, crouched behind dark bushes, binoculars glued to his eyes, G. Gordon Liddy peered through



the windows at the activities within the mansion. He, the first "square" American to witness a "psychedelic" light show, was whispering instructions into the walkie-talkie pressed tenderly against his cheek. Twenty uniformed, booted, armed sheriffs in cowboy hats staked out around the mansion, a real-life TV posse led by two assistant DA's, Alphonse Rosenblatt and G. Gordon Liddy. It was decided to wait until the revelers within the castle retired to their bedrooms. Liddy was used to waiting. Castalia had been under surveillance for weeks. G. Gordon Liddy and commando staff hidden behind trees spying into living rooms and bedrooms and bathrooms, noting who slept where, and then, back in the courthouse, endless conferences with maps, floor plans, schedules. It was an exciting caper.

At midnight the raiders burst into the mansion, pushing open unlocked doors. Liddy, leading four troopers, bounded upstairs to the third floor

and smashed open the door to the master bedroom. She was reclining on pillows in the mirror bed. I was sitting on the edge of the bed talking to my son Jack and his friend. I stood up and looked into the wild eyes of G. Gordon Liddy.

We were ordered, illegally, "Don't move," while nervous deputies searched the room, confiscating her innocent geranium plants and boxes of my papers. I was given permission to call a lawyer, but mysteriously, the phone was "out of order." Rosenblatt and Liddy took me aside to a small, unused bedroom and played out the Mutt-Jeff, good-guy-bad-guy interrogation. Policemen are usually fascinated by me and love to initiate deep conversations. In their hearts they cherish envy and a secret hope that I am right.

As I have done a thousand times, I patiently outlined the scientific, philosophic, historical, political and legal dimensions of what we were doing. Rosenblatt argued gently. Liddy

snarled about narcotics, addiction, the murder-weed, moral corruption, and running us out of the county. That's a tape I'd like to have played back.

The "big raid on Millbrook" was, of course, a bungled bust, the search warrant illegal, no evidence found, the case thrown out of court. But Liddy, undaunted, raced around the county talking breathlessly to wide-eyed Rotarians about his crusade against wickedness. He used the first-initial middle-name label in imitation of his hero J. Edgar Hoover. G. Gordon Liddy.

[HELICOPTERS AND TEPEES]

Well, this cops and robbers drama which was to last so long and involve such a global cast of characters had just begun. The surveillance siege of Castalia continued. Roadblocks. Automatic stop-and-search of every long-haired car. Strange looking men were coming around to repair the phone once a week. I felt secure. We allowed no drugs in the house. There must be a hundred stashes still buried in the woods for future archeologists to uncover. Minor possession beefs were nothing to worry about. No one went to jail for a handful of grass.

It was comforting to know that the townspeople of Millbrook were with us. By this time the locals knew us well. We were the best customers of every store in town. The 30 people at Castalia spent one hundred thousand dollars a year in a tiny town with a two-block shopping district. Our people were young, good-looking, happy, open. The conservative village naturally adopted and protected us from the ambitious, tricky politicians from Poughkeepsie. Millbrook, then Kesey, was populated by tradesmen and workers whose families had settled there to service the castle where we lived. Dietrich, the utilities baron who created the estate, had made his money in carbide lighting. He was the first to popularize the new form of illumination. Legend whispered that every street light in the state of New York was testimony to his genius. He imported hundreds of Italian stonemasons to build gates, towers, bridges miles of stone walls, a Bavarian bowling alley, waterfalls, gothic garden cages. For 30 years after his death the

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grand estate had crumbled in disuse.
wild vegetation covered the lawns and
gardens. The nobility drained away.
Americans lacked the energy to
maintain estates with acres of lawns
and gardens.

Then we swept in with young
million wealth and Harvard charisma.
The lawns were lush and green again.
The great castle gleamed with light.
Young people rich with confidence
and vision drove through the huge
portcullis gates, a new aristocracy. The
village of Millbrook stirred again with
coeur, however funky and contro-
versial. World attention focused on the
castle grounds. Once again villagers
watched and listened and gossiped
about the goings-on at the Big House.
And once again the Grand Old Party
politicians from Poughkeepsie stirred
with know-nothing, Cromwellian puri-
tan anger at anything "foreign,"
pamorous, frivolous, elegant. One of
the many curious aspects of American
culture is the absence of an "upper"
class, a "high" society, a hedonistic aris-
tocracy. America since its inception
has been a heavy, feet-on-the-ground
John Wayne society. The triumph of
mediocracy and practicality. America
had just reached that stage of growth
when military, political, and economic
security makes possible the emergence
of an erotic Psi-Phy philosophic elite.

At the Millbrook summer pageants
hundred consciously garbed initiates
wandered through the grounds, under
wide porticos. Ambassadors came
from the cultural duchies, from
German-on-Hudson, from RAND,
from Palo Alto, from Hyannisport,
from Bethesda, from Beverly Hills.
From "high" society came Ronnie
Kang, Allen Ginsberg, Alan Watts,
Ken Kesey, swamis, gurus, stars of
great magnitude, while great musicians
rolled across terraces filling the warm
air with sound, light machines poured
color patterns on the outside walls,
mountains played and, in the bushes,
Fordham morals outraged, his
Soviet mind seething with civil service
ambitions, G. Gordon Liddy watched.
The roadblocks and surveillance
continued, so we closed the castle and
set up camps in the forests. The teepee
the most sensual living arrangement
ever designed by mankind; soft, fur-
nished nosecone of pleasure pointed at
the stars. Twice a week we would hear

the ominous flap-flap-flap of the whirl-
ing paddles and watch the sheriff's
helicopter circling above and men with
cameras and binoculars pointed at Ar-
cadian bliss. Liddy used to tell lurid
stories of seeing *naked women* (!)
emerging from teepees. This is what
police work is all about! We treasured
those moments of surveillance, feeling
a strong bond of affiliation with all
wild, free creatures on this planet gaz-
ing up in surprise at armed agents, Sci-
Fi spies in government motor ships.

[WOODSTOCK AND WATERGATE]

The night of his election Nixon
was interviewed in the locker
room and, in flush of super-bowl
victory, revealed the philosophy which
was to guide his Administration: Keep
fighting. The influence of Vince
Lombardi (win at any cost) on the
American right-wing cannot be over-
estimated. It is no accident that Lom-
bardi died in Washington.

Nixon was later to blame Watergate
on the counter-culture, claiming that
his special police force was necessary
to deal with anarchy and disorder in
the late '60s.

Very few Americans, even in these
post-Watergate days, understand how
Nixon set up his very own Special
Service elite police, whose mission was
to harass, intimidate, arrest and im-
prison dissenters. Under the guise of
"drug control" this Orwellian coup
was accomplished with the approval of
middle-aged liberals. It was so simple.
The narc budget jumped from 22 mil-
lion to 140 million. Narcs are "mood-
police," "thought-police" pursuing the
victimless crime of cultural dissent.
Constitutional rights were suspended
and martial law (no-knock, stop-and-
frisk, curfew, etc.) was imposed selec-
tively on one easily identifiable seg-
ment of the population.

Fear descended upon this land. The
spokesmen for the counter-culture
were arrested, harassed, silenced. The
press cooperated completely. Slanting
reporters, columnists, and editorial
writers endorsed the dope-pogrom and
piously denounced the counter-
culture. Most everyone born before
1930 hated the '60s, felt alienated, left
behind.

We were told to blame ourselves for
being too innocent, optimistic, for fail-

ing to recognize the reality of evil. The
Manson-Nixon paradox. *Lampoon* edi-
tors get rich entertaining New Yorker
audiences with the bizarre notion that
Woodstock was a lemming-assemblage
of death-cultists.

Everyone with a media hook, a
money itch, an ambition habit can
make it by playing on the medioc-
racy's fear of the free unknown.
G. Gordon Liddy, on the basis of his
Millbrook dramas, rides it to the
White House as super-narc. Any ex-
Marine with a sadism kink too con-
spiratorial for the FBI or state police
volunteers for the new gestapo. Ameri-
can narcs make expense-paid tours
around the world teaching foreign
police how to detect the new enemy.
And at home neo-Stoicism becomes
the philosophic cop-out. Cynical re-
treat from hopeful Utopianism. Swami
turn-off passivity. Think little. "Lay
low" replaces "stay high."

I'm walking on the prison yard with
Wayne, who asks me about the lesson
of Watergate. I tell him that we are
going to replace representative govern-
ment by proxy and substitute elec-
tronic voting. Every citizen registers
his or her signal. Wayne's a realist. He
shakes his head. Of course, it's the
only solution, but it's too far out. It
will scare people. I tell him that it's
not so new. The stock market works
exactly on that principle. Continual
votes of confidence, ongoing registry
of opinion. Tell people they all own an
equal share in the government. Wayne
shakes his head. Keep thinking.
(People would be surprised at the level
of prison conversations. All I ever hear
are discussions about the great politi-
cal and philosophic questions.)

Platitude tells us that Nixon will
never recover from Watergate. Neither
will the country. Competitive politics
is dying. Vince Lombardi is a crewcut
dinosaur. The secret is out. Tap our
wire any time you want, Liddy. We're
broadcasting for you, too. We've got
continuous power output, direct
coupling, audible spectrum, low noise
transmission, high circuit reliability,
superb capture rate, excellent selec-
tivity. If we had known you were hid-
ing in the paleolithic bushes we would
have invited you to tune in. It's the
new Hi-Fi, Psi-Phy, polychromatic,
multi-channel planetary network and
we're all linked up love. ■

Psychedelic Review

NUMBER 10 / 1969

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	2
THE USE OF PSYCHEDELIC AGENTS WITH AUTISTIC SCHIZOPHRENIC CHILDREN	Robert E. Mogar & Robert W. Aldrich.. 5
PSEUDO-NARCOSIS	Inca Mandala. 14
LONELINESS	Gary M. Fisher..... 19
LSD AND SEXUALITY	Richard Alpert 21
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE	John Esam 26
THE EFFECTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS-EXPANDING DRUGS ON PRISONER REHABILITATION	Timothy Leary 29
LINES WRITTEN ON READING FATHER TEILHARD DE CHARDIN	Paul S. Frey..... 46
LSD, CHROMOSOMES AND SENSATIONALISM	Joel Fort & Ralph Metzner..... 47
HONGHI, MEESTER?	Nat Finkelstein 52
GATES OF EDEN	Harold Massoon 65
NOTES ON CURRENT RESEARCH	Ralph Metzner 70
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	73
BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.....	75

FRONT COVER: Ed Lutz

BACK COVER: Photo of Siva, Courtesy National Museum, New Delhi

THE EFFECTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS-EXPANDING DRUGS ON PRISONER REHABILITATION

Timothy Leary

The first of two articles describing the Harvard-Concord Prison Project, in which the author's own version is flanked by official reports and newspaper accounts of the same story.

During the Fall and the Winter of 1960, much of my time and energy was going into the study of the effects of the psychedelic mushrooms. I was also carrying on an active program of lecturing, teaching, and field work in Clinical Psychology in the Harvard Graduate School. I had been brought to Harvard in 1959 in order to introduce existential-transactional methods for behavior change. After 15 years practicing psychotherapy and about 10 years of doing research on psychotherapy, I had come to the conclusion that there was very little that one person called a doctor could do for another person called a patient by talking to him across a desk, or listening to him as he lay on a couch.

I developed a lot of theories and a lot of methods on how behavior change could be brought about in ways more effective than the standard clinical interview method. There are two main points to the theories I developed; first, (transactional) I was convinced that the doctor had to throw away his role and status as a doctor, had to join the other person actively and collaboratively in figuring out the solution to his problem. As much as possible, the doctor had to turn over the responsibility to the man who knew most about the problem at hand, namely, the patient. I developed many techniques for getting patients to help each other.

The second point in my theory (existential) was that the doctor has to leave the safety of his consulting room and get out there in the field where the so-called patient is having his unique problems and where he is going to solve his problems. I saw the role

Second Annual Report:

Psilocybin Rehabilitation Project

*All the professional work on this project was volunteer. The expenses for clerical assistance and salaries for ex-inmate workers were covered by generous donations from the Uris Brothers Foundation, New York, Eileen Garrett, President.

Applications to three offices of the U.S. Public Health Service requesting support for continuing this project were refused.

Exactly two years ago the Harvard psilocybin project initiated a research program at Massachusetts Correctional Institution, Concord, designed to test the effects of consciousness-expanding drugs on prisoner rehabilitation.

The project was designed as a pilot study--necessarily exploratory--since little was known about the long range application of the substances.

The key issue was the use of a consciousness-expanding drug; but equally important was the philosophy underlying the research, which emphasized:

These articles by Dr. Timothy Leary are part of his book "High Priest," published 1968, New American Library. Reprinted by permission.

of the doctor as that of a coach in a game in which the patient was the star player. The coach can help, can point out mistakes, can share his wisdom, but in the last analysis, the guy who does the job is the guy out there in the field, the so-called patient.

I was enthusiastic about these theories because they worked, and because there is no joy in teaching that can equal that thrill which comes when you watch someone who's been hung up, and blocked, and confused, and making a mess of things suddenly learn how. All this had started happening before I got involved in the drug research, and I had already become a controversial figure around the Boston area, because everything that I was saying made a tremendous amount of sense to patients, but the doctors, the psychiatrists, the social workers, the psychologists, were not so quick to accept these theories. You see, I was asking them to give up the status and the omniscient position which they felt their training entitled them to. I asked them to turn over the authority and the star role in the game to the patient.

I was taking one day off a week to drive down to New Bedford, Massachusetts with two or three graduate students where we were working in an orphanage teaching social workers and nuns to set up groups in which older kids would help younger kids, and in which children at every age level were encouraged to take more responsibility for running the school and planning their lives.

We set up another project in a slum housing district in a Boston suburb. Here were hundreds of people who were bogged down socially and psychologically. They couldn't afford psychiatric help and there was none available for them. With another group of graduate students, I used to go down there one night a week with tape recorders and blackboards. We set up headquarters in one of the slum apartments and started teaching groups of the neighbors how they could help each other and become psychiatrists for each other and develop some facility for solving their own problems.

All this, of course, was very déclassé at Harvard. Universities are supposed to be

Democratic Collaboration:

Inmates were given responsibility for planning and evaluating the work. This was seen as preparation for assuming roles as responsible citizens in a democratic society.

Sharing of Information:

The inmates were given all information relevant to their treatment. This was seen as a necessary step in increasing trust and self-respect.

Spiritual Insight:

The transcendental experience provided by the drugs propels the subject beyond space, time, ego, culture, etc. The implications of this visionary experience were utilized in the program.

Interpersonal Trust and Closeness:

Evidence shows that when subjects share an ego-shattering experience together they develop strong positive emotional bonds.

Self-help and Mutual Help:

The most successful rehabilitation methods (A.A., Synanon, Group Dynamics, "T" Groups, etc.) seem to those who turn over responsibility to the subjects themselves and which stimulate them to help each other. The drug experience facilitates this tendency.

Emotional and Practical Support:

The model used was not doctor-patient or expert-client but that of human beings who believe in each other and want to help each other.

The project developed the model of friends who are available to help each other, members stay out of trouble and maintain a responsible role in society.

research institutes and if you get too involved in service functions or helping people, you're considered a bleeding heart. I was able to justify the work in the orphanage, the work with alcoholics, the work in the slum projects, by using the phrase methodology. We weren't really trying to help these people. No sir, not us. We were trying to develop new techniques and scientific methods for changing psychotherapeutic theory. Of course, if people enjoyed it and got help, that was an interesting by-product which supported the method and the theory. It was all experimental, you see. It became a tradition in the center where I worked that any time they got a call from a do-good social service agency requesting Harvard's help in curing any sort of social disease, the request was likely to get bucked to me because they knew that this was my vice and my eccentricity.

One day I got a note in my box saying that two men from the Department of Legal Medicine were interested in enlisting Harvard's help in the psychological rehabilitation of prisoners. Now prison work is considered to be the least interesting, lowest status work you can do in the field of psychology, psychiatry, and sociology. The problems are hopeless. Criminals never change. The atmosphere is dreary and the academic rewards are slim. But when I found this little piece of paper in my box requesting an appointment from two officials from the Department of Legal Medicine, I let out a big grin and chuckled all the way to my office because this was just the chance I was looking for.

By this time, we had given the psychedelic mushrooms to about 100 people in a wide variety of circumstances and we had learned a lot about the process. In spite of the bungling, and the confusion, and our ignorance, we still hadn't caused any damage to anyone and there were a lot of mistakes that we'd never make again. By this time, we had learned a few things about how to run the sessions. About 90 percent of the people who were taking the magic mushrooms were reporting the most ecstatic and educational experience of their lives. The problem was, there was no way to get any measurement as to how much good we were

In our research we helped inmates get jobs, purchase union cards, made small loans and spent hours in friendly advising interaction.

Procedures

Since its initiation, the project has operated under the medical and psychiatric supervision of Dr. W. Madison Presnell.

Inmates received on the average four doses of psilocybin. Dosage ran from 20 mg. in early sessions to 70 mg. Now we employ 30 mg. as a standard, moderate dose.

Inmates were given personality tests before and six months after the program began. Significant decreases in hostility, cynicism, social delinquency and irresponsibility were registered.

There seems to be general agreement that the effects of the program in-the-institution were quite dramatic. The behavior and attitude of the project members became more mature and social.

The post-release events, however, involved a different set of factors and required several revisions in the program.

Post-Release Program:

The main conclusion of our two year pilot study is that institutional programs, however effective, count for little after the ex-convict reaches the street. The social pressures faced are so overwhelming as to make change very difficult.

We recognized very early in our work

doing. There was no way to keep score.

That of course, is the main problem in the field of psychotherapy. You can develop a completely effective method of treating people's psychological problems and there is no way you can prove it. You can work with 1,000 people and help every one of them change their way of thinking and their way of acting, but there are no statistics like hits, runs, and errors to tabulate your score. The problem is that half the people you help are going to get better jobs, and half of them are going to quit the jobs they have. Half of them may increase the intimacy and closeness and meaning in their marriages, but the other half may leave their wives. Changing a person's psyche is one thing, but measuring results in an observable way is another thing. Because who's to say which behavior reflects growth and change.

Here's where the prison came in. The prison is the ideal place to do a study in psychotherapy behavior change because when you try to rehabilitate prisoners you've got an iron-clad statistic you can work against. It's called the recidivism rate. When you are working with people outside, they may quit their job and join the Peace Corps, or they may quit their job and join the ministry, or they may quit the ministry and take up guitar, and you know about the growth of this person, but who else will believe it? But when you work with prisoners and you think you've helped them change, grow, and become more effective people, there's an easy way to tell. Where are they a year after you've finished with them? Are they back in jail, or are they making it on the outside. Prisoner rehabilitation presents the most effective check for someone who claims he can bring about change in behavior. In the prisons of Massachusetts the recidivism is about 70 percent. Seven out of every ten men who leave prison, return. If you develop a new and sure-fire way of changing man's mind, the prison presents the toughest and cleanest test of your effectiveness. Can you keep him out of jail? That's why I wanted to get into the prison.

Now, the reason why the prison psychologists wanted to get into Harvard is because

the advantages of a post-release program.

Our philosophic and theoretical orientation led us to encourage inmates to plan and execute their own program.

We fondly hoped for a halfway house run by ex-inmates along the lines of the successful Synanon program.

In June 1961 a non-profit organization, Freedom Center, was set up to administer the post-release program. Our hopes for a convict-run halfway house did not materialize.

We had too few men in the Boston area and they were too caught up in the desperate struggle to survive, to spare time to help others.

In 1961 as a beginning step towards a halfway house, we began "Project Contact." The purpose of this project was to keep in regular contact with all group members.

By these means we were able to reach ninety-one percent of ex-inmates living in Massachusetts.

A newsletter and personal letters also kept up contact and seemed to be effective in helping the rehabilitation spirit stay alive.

But increased contact only strengthened our convictions that an A.A. type organization of ex-convicts is necessary.

everyone in any academic or professional activity in the Boston area has one way of measuring his success. Can he get on the Harvard payroll? The word Harvard in the Boston area is a powerful status symbol that operates at every level of society. There are several thousand janitors around the Boston area, but if you are a janitor at Harvard, you're a prince among custodians. The same with a cook, a gardener, and a psychologist.

A week later, I found myself host at a corner table in the Harvard Faculty Club with two officials from the Massachusetts Prison System. What they wanted was simple. They wanted to have Harvard graduate students assigned to the prisons as psychology interns with a possible long-range hope of getting themselves clinical professorships at Harvard. And what I wanted was to get Harvard graduate students into the prisons because that's where I felt that all embryonic psychologists should be—out in the field, dealing with real people and real problems. But there was something else I wanted—and that was the chance to show that we could rehabilitate criminals by using the sacred mushrooms. And so the deal was made. I agreed to get Harvard approval to send graduate students to internships in the prison and they agreed that if I could get the approval of the warden and the prison psychiatrists, I could give psychedelic mushrooms to prisoners.

About a week later I drove out to the prison. I wore my Harvard tweed suit and my button-down shirt. The warden was impressed and pleased. It wasn't often that Harvard professors came out to the prison proposing to do research and training with Harvard graduate students. But the whole thing hinged on the approval of the psychiatrists, because the sacred mushrooms were DRUGS and to work with DRUGS you had to have the medical O.K. So, we walked down the hallway to the metal cage that let us into the prison. We opened up the first steel door and we stood in the anteroom. Then we rang a bell, a slot opened, and a guard looked at us and opened up the second metal door. We walked into the middle of the guard room, across the prison yard to the hospital where we rang the bell and

The initial step of finding the small nucleus of men who are ready to make the dedication needed has not yet taken.

As a possible solution we hope to be able to send two ex-inmates to spend a month living at Synanon House, Santa Monica.

The director of Synanon, Mr. Chuck Dederich has expressed interest in this project.

The next step of selecting two ex-inmates to make the trip is waiting to be taken.

Upon their return, Freedom Center is prepared to offer its resources to support a local self-help residence program.

Results:

Plans and hopes are one thing but the actual score card of accomplishments provides the crucial evidence. What are the available results?

Psilocybin is safe:

Thirty-five inmates and ten Harvard staff members have had group Psilocybin experiences at Concord.

There were 131 inmate ingestions and 37 staff ingestions, a total of 168 experiences. There were no episodes of violence, lasting disturbances or negative after-effects.

Physically and psychologically there is clear cut evidence that in a supportive environment the drug effect is safe and positive.

got peered at through the slot, heard the metal hinges creak, and walked into the prison hospital. We walked down the corridor to the psychiatrist's office and knocked on the door.

After a minute, out walked one of the most entertaining and interesting men in American psychiatry. The first thing that struck me about the prison psychiatrist was that he was the best-dressed man I had ever seen. He was short, graceful, like a ballet dancer. The first negro psychiatrist I had ever met. I spent an hour talking with Dr. Madison Presnell. He was no intellectual; he mispronounced some of the polysyllabic words, but he had a light in his eye and a wise, cool way of looking at you which told you he was a man who had seen a lot, and suffered a lot, and was still looking for the funniest and wisest part of everyone he came in contact with.

In sizing up Dr. Presnell, I could say to myself a word which I had heard used quite often in recent months. He was "hip." It was obvious too, that he had had some experience with psychedelic drugs. Which ones he didn't make clear. He could have had LSD in medical school, or mescaline in psychiatric research, or maybe pot in the Village, but he knew what I was talking about.

A few days later Dr. Presnell came over to Harvard to meet some of my bosses, and the following Sunday, he brought his beautiful and intelligent wife and his two lovely children over to my house for cocktails. It was on a Sunday afternoon. We had a straightforward and honest discussion. He sat down on a chair in my study, thought for a minute and said, The plan you propose to get the psychedelic drug to prisoners is the best idea I've ever heard for dealing with an impossible problem. If you're smart enough and dedicated enough to know how to do it, this could be the best plan for the treatment of prisoners I've heard proposed. There's one chance in a hundred you can pull it off, but if you do, you will have accomplished more for American society and for prisoners rehabilitation than has been done in the last four thousand years since the code of Hammurabi. But, it's risky business. You're bound to run into trouble.

Those interested in using psilocybin for research or therapy purposes can proceed with confidence if their program is open, supportive, collaborative.

Psilocybin produces temporary states of spiritual conversion, interpersonal closeness and psychological insight.

Forty-five percent of the entire inmate group clearly underwent a mystical, transcendent, death-rebirth experience.

This figure should be modified, however. The results for running sessions improved so that 100% of our recent groups were undergoing transcendent experiences.

The life changing therapeutic effects of the psilocybin experience do not last for more than 72 hours unless the subject is in a situation which encourages him to maintain his emotional and spiritual insights.

Therefore, psilocybin must be used in on-going programs of therapy or self-help. When employed in such programs psilocybin is a dramatically useful, educational and rehabilitative instrument.

If the subject shares time and space subsequently with those who have had the experience his chances of maintaining the insights are increased.

As a matter of fact, the more successful you are, the more trouble you're going to stir up. Because one thing I've learned as a prison psychiatrist is that society doesn't want the prisoner rehabilitated and as soon as you start changing prisoners so that they've discovered beauty and wisdom, God, you're going to stir up the biggest mess that Boston has seen since the Boston Tea Party. I'll give you medical coverage and I'll be glad to serve as psychiatric consultant and I'll back you up all the way with the wardens, with the guards, with the mental health department, but sooner or later as soon as they see the thing you do working, they're going to come down on you—the newspaper reporters, the bureaucrats, and the officials. Harvard gives drugs to prisoners! And you're going to have to do the impossible—you're going to have to cure prisoners with your left hand, and that's something that's never been done before and you're going to have to hold off the entire bureaucracy of the state of Massachusetts with your right hand and that's never been done before, not even by Kennedy. So, I'll back you all the way, until you make a mistake, and when you make that mistake, and they all start coming down at you, exactly at that point, I'm going to walk out because I'm not you. I'm not the new Freud and I have no ambitions to play that game. I'm a Negro from the South with a degree from a second-class medical school, with a wife and two kids whom I'm trying to support and educate in an insane society, and I'll help you all the way to win, but I'm not going to lose with you.

And so it was settled, Dr. Presnell would line up volunteers in the prisoner population for the sacred mushroom project and I would go back to Harvard and get graduate students who would volunteer their time and energy and their nervous systems to take drugs with maximum security prisoners at the penitentiary.

A few days later, I was in my office when a knock came on the door, and I was visited by a graduate student named Ralph Metzner. Metzner had a reputation for being one of the smartest students in the department. He was a graduate of Oxford, an experimentalist, a precise, objective, and apparently very academic young man. He said he had heard

The actual score board is difficult to interpret. The aims of this project were: 1) to help keep men on the street and 2) to help them in constructive contact with each other.

Result Percentages:

January 15, 1963

Percentage of men released who are now on street 73

Percentage of men now back for technical parole violation 19

Percentage of men now back for new crimes 8

If ex-convicts who have had a psilocybin experience in a supportive environment meet regularly after release (these statistics suggest once a month) the chances of their remaining on the street will be dramatically improved.

The Harvard staff members--Dr. Ralph Metzner, Gunther Weil, Dr. Ralph Schwitzgebel, Johnathan Clark, David Kolb, Michael Hollingshead, Kathy Harris, Dr. Timothy Leary--who contributed several thousands of hours each to this work cared deeply and suffered keen disappointments as they witnessed the failures.

But the results summarized in this report offer some consolation that the time shared in psilocybin experiences, and the meetings in and out of Concord were educational and somewhat effective.

about the prison project and he wanted to work with me on it. My first reactions were that Metzner was too academic, too dainty-British, too bookish, too ivory tower, to walk into a prison and roll up his sleeves, and take drugs that would put him out of his mind, with rough and tumble prisoners. Metzner said he wanted to learn how. Then I said, Before you can give drugs and take drugs with anyone else, you have to have some experiences yourself. Are you ready to take mushrooms? He was ready. As a matter of fact, that's exactly what he wanted to do, to have a session.

And so it happened that on March 12, 1961, at my home in Newton, Massachusetts, I ran a session for Dr. Presnell and his beautiful wife, for Ralph Metzner and his girl friend, another graduate student, and Gunther Weil, and his wife, Karen. This was the 52nd time I had taken psilocybin with other people. The notes on the session say, This training session was designed to introduce several new subjects to the sacred mushroom experience under supportive circumstances.

The session took place in my study. Since this was an exploratory training session, I told the participants that they should relax, have a good time, be entertained, and learn what they could. Dr. Presnell was the dominating factor in this session. His joking and warm attitude created a benign atmosphere. Each new subject had his spouse or a trusted friend present. After a long period of happy relaxed giggling, the joking became more and more philosophic. Members of the group would leave the room periodically to be by themselves or to talk in pairs, but my study operated as the center for the session. There were no discordant notes, no anxiety, depression, or friction. We were finally getting to the point where we knew how to set up a pleasant session. Each member of this six-person group reported a deep ecstatic, educational experience.

A few days after this session, Ralph Metzner, Gunther Weil, and I drove out to the concrete prison and met with the six volunteers who had been selected by Dr. Presnell. Sitting around a table in a dreary hospital room, with grey walls, black asphalt floor, bars in the windows, we told six sceptical

Summary

Thirty-one inmates of MCI Concord participated in a rehabilitation program combining:

----Psilocybin administered in a supportive setting, and----volunteer contact of inmates after release.

The evidence after two years of operation suggests that the drug is safe, that the experience temporarily provides personal and spiritual insight, and has some effect in keeping inmates out of prison.

A listing of the major mistakes and improvements in method will be found in two publications, one in press and one in preparation.

Convicts gains cited by study.

Insight drugs called boon.

IFIF is the Internal Federation for Internal Freedom, a non-profit organization involving the use of consciousness-expanding drugs.

The supply of the drug has, temporarily at least, been cut off because the medical supervision required by Federal regulation in the administration of drugs for research has been withdrawn.

and suspicious men about an experience that could change their lives.

The first psychedelic session in the prison was well-planned. The first thing we did was to tell the prisoners as much as we could about the psychedelic experience. We brought in books for them to read, reports by other subjects, articles that described both the terrors, as well as the ecstasies of the experience. We spent most of the time describing our own experiences and answering groping questions. We made it very clear to the prisoners that this was nothing we were doing to them. There was no doctor-patient game going here. We would take the drugs with them. We were doing nothing to them that we wouldn't willingly, happily have done to us.

We also made a research contract with the prisoners. We said something like this, "We want to find out how and how much you change during this experience. For this reason, we want you to take a battery of psychological tests before you eat the mushrooms. Then, after three or four sessions with the sacred mushrooms, we'll give you the tests again. The aim here is to find out how you change, like you weigh yourself on a scale before and after you go on a diet. But, after you've taken the tests before and after the sessions, we'll give you the results. We'll go over the tests with you and explain how you were before and how you changed. Nothing in this project is going to be a secret. We've told you everything we know about the drugs before you take them and we'll tell you everything we know about you after you finish your sessions." That sounded like a good deal to them and the following week, each prisoner was administered a long and complicated battery of psychological tests.

And so it happened that on March 27, 1961, in the large ward room in the prison infirmary in Concord, Massachusetts, five prisoners and three Harvard psychologists met for a trip. In the morning I would turn-on with three convicts and the two other prisoners and the two graduate students would act as observers. Then in the afternoon, Gunther Weil and Ralph Metzner from Harvard and the two observing prison-

Backing withers.

But troubles or no, IFIF and the zealous psychologists dedicated to the proposition that widespread use of drugs such as psilocybin will pretty much cure the intellectual ills of mankind are news.

And the group has been asked to vacate the medical building in Charles River Park for lack of medical affiliation.

In addition, the supportive backing at the academic level, principally at Harvard, has been withering.

The latest concerns a study made on the religious impact the drug ingestion made on some 33 convicts at the Concord Reformatory in which eight Harvard psychologists worked on the pilot program.

Dr. Timothy Leary, one of the co-founders of IFIF, wrote the report on the pilot program which began in mid-March of 1961 and continued for almost two years.

Beginning with six convicts a senior investigator and two graduate students, the study came to include 33 convicts and eight psychologists. All participated in the drug ingestion.

In Dr. Leary's opinion, the experiment was an unqualified success. Ingestion

ers were to take the drug and the rest of us were to act as guides.

We brought a record player, tape recorder, and some books of classical art with us. Otherwise the room was bleak in decor with four couches, a large table, and a few chairs. At 9:35 in the morning the bowl of pills was placed in the center of the table. I was the first one to turn-on in the prison project. I reached over, took fourteen milligrams of psilocybin. Then I handed the bowl to the prisoner next to me and he took twenty milligrams and passed it on to the guy next to him who took twenty and the next man. Then we pushed the pills into the middle of the table and sat back to see what would happen.

I'll never forget that morning. After about half an hour, I could feel the effect coming up, the loosening of symbolic reality, the feeling of humming pressure and space voyage inside my head, the sharp, brilliant, brutal intensification of all the senses. Every cell and every sense organ was humming with charged electricity. I felt terrible. What a place to be on a gray morning! In a dingy room, in a grim penitentiary, out of my mind. I looked over at the man next to me, a Polish embezzler from Worcester, Massachusetts. I could see him so clearly. I could see every pore in his face, every blemish, the hairs in his nose, the incredible green-yellow enamel of the decay in his teeth, the wet glistening of his frightened eyes. I could see every hair in his head, as though each was as big as an oak tree. What a confrontation! What am I doing here, out of my mind, with this strange mosaic-celled animal, prisoner, criminal?

I said to him, with a weak grin, How are you doing, John? He said, I feel fine. Then he paused for a minute, and asked, How are you doing, Doc? I was about to say in a reassuring psychological tone that I felt fine, but I couldn't, so I said, I feel lousy. John drew back his purple pink lips, showed his green-yellow teeth in a sickly grin and said, What's the matter, Doc? Why you feel lousy? I looked with my two microscopic retina lenses into his eyes. I could see every line, yellow spider webs, red network of veins gleaming out at me. I said, John, I'm

of the drugs produced "sudden insight that one has been living in a narrow space-time-self context."

"It's all a game, Doc, cops and robbers --we're such tough guys," he quotes one convict as saying. "We take it all so seriously as though that's all there is to life."

He reports also of frequent mystical insight among the convicts, particularly the death-rebirth experience.

"I felt helpless and wanted to murder you guys who did it to me; then I realized it was my own mind doing it; it's always been my own mind imagining troubles and enemies," he quotes one convict.

Return rate drops.

Over half the hardbitten convicts displayed a sudden swing towards increased religious understanding and need, according to the study report.

More important, perhaps, in the long run is the fact that the recidivism rate among the convicts who have been discharged dropped sharply.

"Seventy-five percent are holding their own against stiff winds and treacherous currents," Dr. Leary says.

The expected return rate of ex-con-

afraid of you. His eyes got bigger, then he began to laugh. I could look inside his mouth, swollen red tissues, gums, tongue, throat. I was prepared to be swallowed. Then I heard him say, Well that's funny Doc, 'cause I'm afraid of you. We were both smiling at this point, leaning forward. Doc, he said, why are you afraid of me? I said, I'm afraid of you, John, because you're a criminal. He nodded. I said, John, why are you afraid of me? He said, I'm afraid of you Doc because you're a mad scientist. Then our retinas locked and I slid down into the tunnel of his eyes, and I could feel him walking around in my skull and we both began to laugh. And there it was, that dark moment of fear and distrust, which could have changed in a second to become hatred, terror. We'd made the love connection. The flicker in the dark. Suddenly, the sun came out in the room and I felt great and I knew he did too.

We had passed that moment of crisis, but as the minutes slowly ticked on, the grimness of our situation kept coming back in microscopic clarity. There were the four of us turned-on, every sense vibrating, pulsating with messages, two billion years of cellular wisdom, but what could we do trapped within the four walls of a gray hospital room, barred inside a maximum security prison? Then one of the great lessons in my psychedelic training took place. One of the four of us was a Negro from Texas, jazz saxophone player, heroin addict. He looked around with two huge balls of ocular white, shook his head, staggered over to the record player, put on a record. It was a Sonny Rollins record which he'd especially asked us to bring. Then he lay down on the cot and closed his eyes. The rest of us sat by the table while metal air from the yellow saxophone, spinning across copper electric wires bounced off the walls of the room. There was a long silence. Then we heard Willy moaning softly, and moving restlessly on the couch. I turned and looked at him, and said, Willy, are you all right? There was apprehension in my voice. Everyone in the room swung their heads anxiously to look and listen for the answer. Willy lifted his head, gave a big grin, and said, Man, am I all right? I'm in heaven and I can't believe it! Here I am in heaven man, and I'm stoned out of my mind, and I'm swinging like I've

viets to the Concord Reformatory would be between 50 and 70 percent.

But even in his claimed success among the convicts, Dr. Leary runs up against Doubting Thomas in the Reformatory Superintendent Edward Grennan.

Control questioned.

Grennan feels that study was done without a control and was therefore unscientific.

"These men received an extremely high degree of personal attention," he said. "The psychologists even set up a kind of criminal AA for the parolled prisoners in Cambridge. They made themselves available to them around the clock."

"I feel that the same rate of recidivism might have been achieved if the same concentration and attention were given to any parolee by highly-placed members in any community."

Commenting on the religious aspects of the survey, Prof. Walter Houston Clark of the Andover-Newton Theological Seminary had this to say:

"The student of religious behavior who studies phenomena such as those described in the study cannot but be struck by the similarities to intense religious groups of an evangelistic nature."

never been before and it's all happening in prison, and you ask me man, am I all right. What a laugh! And then he laughed, and we all laughed, and suddenly we were all high and happy and chuckling at what we had done, bringing music, and love, and beauty, and serenity, and fun, and the seed of life into that grim and dreary prison.

The session went on. There were high points and low points, ecstasies and terrors. My friend John, the Polish man, got sick and vomited. We all got pretty thoughtful. Why are there prisons? Why do some men put the warm cellular envelopes of their fellow-men in metal cages? What were we doing here? Then after a few hours, Ralph and Gunther and the two other convicts turned-on. Gunther was silly and acting like a hipster and Ralph fell down on the bed and experienced visions of Blakean terror. Two prisoners came and held his hand and guided him through. Dr. Presnell would check in every now and then, walk around the room like a dainty, graceful cat, not saying much, but taking it all in. And the guards came in bringing metal trays of food which we all looked at with disbelief, the way you'd look at a plate of worms or a pot of sawdust served up to you on a plate, and someone said, Man, do they call that food? Since we Harvard people weren't allowed to eat prison food at the expense of the state. Dr. Presnell went out and got milkshakes and sandwiches which we all shared and never tasted food so good.

Then at 5:00, there was a bang on the door, and we opened it and the guards came in and said, Time is up men. Back to the prison ward. Ralph, Gunther, and I went with the five prisoners back to lock-up part of the hospital and sat there on beds, and smoked, and laughed, and compared notes on what we'd seen, and where we'd been. Then it was time for us to go. We shook hands, said we'd be back tomorrow, and Ralph and Gunther and I walked out of the prison, across the dark yard, rang the bell, and waited until the iron doors opened to get into the guard room, and then across the guard room, through the two metal doors, and down the metal stairs, past the clanking, steaming, old-fashioned radiators, and then we were outside. Ralph and Gunther got into

"As with them, the experience tends to be dramatic; individuals are changed as to their life goals and the experience tends to be individualized, for while some are greatly helped, there are others on whom the experience seems to have very little permanent effect."

Similarities noted.

"However, it may not be without significance that 62 percent of one group, as indicated in the study, reported their lives were changed for the better; for studies have indicated that roughly the same percentage find help in MRA and AA."

On the basis of the study report, Prof. Clark finds the psilocybin experience to be mystical in nature. As such, and administered with proper setting and preparation, he feels it may release latent religious sensitivities to make possible an experience closely akin to a truly religious experience with a profound change in attitudes and values resulting.

He sees the drugs as useful also in the reform and rehabilitation of convicts (and all others) to more wholesome life aims, a factor which religion could not ignore. But he ends on a note of caution.

"We have been speculating quite freely, basing our speculations largely on the

their car and drove back to Cambridge and I got in my car and drove to Newton.

As I rode along the highway, the tension and the drama of the day suddenly snapped off and I could look back and see what we had done. Nothing, you see, is secret in a prison, and the eight of us who had assembled to take drugs together in a prison were under the gaze of every convict in the prison and every guard, and within hours the word would have fanned through the invisible network to every other prison in the state. Grim Walpole penitentiary. Grey, sullen-walled Norfolk.

Did you hear? Some Harvard professors gave a new drug to some guys at Concord. They had a ball. It was great. It's a grand thing. It's something new. Hope. Maybe. Hope. Perhaps. Something new. We sure need something new. Hope.

experiences of a few convicts. But enough has been done to suggest creative possibilities in the drugs, the most constructive seemingly to lie in the field of religion and moral regeneration. The use of the substance, however, is very much in the experimental stage, and must have medical and scientific psychological supervision. But its results cannot be ignored by scholars, theologians or leaders of organization.

Such, then, is the latest triumph of the IFIF oriented group. Or are the naysayers correct in holding to their deep doubts?



In the evaluation of the dominant moods of any historical period it is important to hold fast to the fact that there are always islands of self-sufficient order — on farms and in castles, in homes, studies and cloisters — where sensible people manage to live relatively lusty and decent lives: as moral as they must be, as free as they may be and as masterly as they can be. If we only knew it, this elusive arrangement is happiness. But men, especially in periods of change, are swayed by alternating world moods which seem to be artificially created by the monopolists and manipulators of an era's opinions, and yet could not exist without the highly exploitable mood cycles inherent in man's psychological structure. The two most basic alternating moods are those of carnival and atonement: the first gives license and leeway to sensual enjoyment, to relief and release at all cost; the second surrenders to the negative conscience which constricts, depresses, and enjoins man for what he has left unsolved, uncared for, unatoned. Especially in a seemingly rational and informed period like our own, it is obvious how blithely such moods overshadow universally available sets of information, finding support for luxurious thoughtlessness at one time, for panicky self-criticism at another. Thus we may say that beside and beyond a period's verifiable facts and official doctrines, the world image "breathes". It tends to expand and contract in its perspectives, and to gain or lose solidity and coherence.

Erik Erikson

